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The People's Press.

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# The People's Press.

*Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.*

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*THE SCARECROW.*

In yonder field he stands erect,
No matter what the weather,
And keeps a watch so circumspect
On foes of every feather,
So faithful is he to the trust
Committed to his keeping
That all the birds suspect he must
Dispense with any sleeping.

Sometimes his hat tips down so low
It seems a cause for censure,
For then some old, courageous crow
Believes it safe to venture;
But cat-like sight of either arm
Outstretched in solemn warning,
The crow decides to leave this farm
Until another morning.

Although his dress is incomplete,
It really does not matter;
Perchance the truest heart may beat
Beneath a patch or tatter.
And it is wrong to base our love
On wealth and name and station,
For he who may will rise above
His daily occupation.

We should not look with eyes of scorn,
And find in him no beauty
Who stands and guards our fields of corn,
And does the whole world duty,
But honor him for native worth,
For rustic independence,
And send a hearty greeting forth
For him and his descendants.

—*Martha C. Cook, in Young People.*

## A QUAINT PROPOSAL.

The lilac bush beneath the south window of Willow Brook Farm's wainscoted parlor nodded gracefully as a tiny zephyr swept gayly by, wafting far and near its incense of new mown hay. In its wake fluttered a purple and golden butterfly, to poise a moment upon the window's ledge, then to soar boldly forward until it lit upon a curious old vase beside an organ, whose yellowed keys gleamed softly in the half darkened room. The butterfly and the vase mirrored themselves in the polished oak floor, and if the range had been right they could have repeated the picture in the shining surface of each article of furniture.

A young girl was the sole occupant of the room, with the exception, of course, of the butterfly, who had winged his way to a small oval mirror and was busily making his toilet, as his companion, humming a merry tune, dusted carefully a squatty teapot, whose fat little spout and comic tout ensemble at once inspired a longing for tea brewed in such novel quarters. At that moment a voice, calling "Marthy! Marthy!" echoed through the house, followed by: "Run—quick old Tim's in the corn field, and my hands are all over dough!"

Hastily replacing the ancient heirloom on a spindle-legged table, the young girl darted from the room, while the butterfly, startled at its toilet, spread its brilliant wings and floated swiftly out into the sunshine again. Snatching a snowy sun bonnet from its peg in the hall, Martha flew down the garden path across to an adjacent meadow. In her hurry she failed to notice a gentleman slowly advancing in her direction, until two masculine hands stayed her progress.

With an exclamation of surprise, Martha raised her pretty blue eyes and met a pair of decidedly good-looking brown ones, gazing with evident appreciation at the dimpled, blushing face, from off which the sun-bonnet had slipped, disclosing a crop of reddish golden rings lying close to the finely shaped little head.

"I beg your pardon," murmured Martha, the blushes and dimples waxing deeper, "but I didn't see you, I was in such a hurry."

"Don't mention it. Wouldn't have missed the—the pleasure for anything. I—I like to be run into," averred the gentleman with considerable emphasis.

Such a rippling laugh as bubbled over the lips of Martha at this speech, which she hastily apologized for with:

"I didn't mean to, really; but what you said sounded so odd."

"You couldn't do it again, could you? I assure you I never appreciated being a—old until to-day. I—"

"Oh, the cow!" exclaimed Martha, suddenly recollecting her errand. "I forgot all about him," and away she sped, the gentleman hurrying after, repeating: "Cow! Him! Let me help you. I—I really am very clever with cows. In fact I would like to make them a study."

However, when the field was reached no cow was to be seen, and remarking that doubtless some of the hands had ousted old Tim, Martha turned her steps toward the house, thinking the gentleman would proceed on his way. To her astonishment, however, he kept along by her side, observing:

"Are you acquainted at Willow Brook farm?"

"Why, yes; it's my home. I was born there," answered Martha, surprisedly.

"Happy farm! I mean—a—it must be a lovely place. You see, the fact is—that is, I have a note for Mrs. Duncan, of Willow Brook Farm."

"My mother!" ejaculated Martha, opening wide her blue eyes. Whereupon the gentleman scanned with newly awakened interest a square envelope he had extracted from his breast pocket, as he added:

"I am an old—I should say my mother is an old friend of Mrs. Duncan's," making a rough calculation of the length of time it might take, all things favorable, to place him on equally as good a footing with the daughter, while Martha's thoughts ran very much in this wise.

"Would be nice looking if he wasn't so sallow. Wonder if mother will ask him to make us a visit. I never heard her speak of an old friend that had a son."

By this time they were proceeding up the path that led to the farm's pretty rose garlanded porch, and having ushered the gentleman into the parlor we have already been introduced to, with a demure little courtesy and the words "I will send mother," Martha left him.

In a few moments a comely, rosy cheeked woman came hurrying into the parlor with:

"Good afternoon, sir, Martha tells me you have a letter for me from an old friend."

"Yes, from my mother," and the gentleman held toward her the letter. Having read it through, interrupted with exclamations such as "Bless me! Who'd have thought it?" Mrs. Duncan, her pleasant face deepening into a smile ejaculated:

"So you are little Paul Dorsey. My! how time flies. When I last saw you, you were only a little shaver. It must be nigh onto fifteen years ago. And to think of Lucindy's remembering me all these years and sending her son to see me. Not that I have forgotten her—not a bit. Only with one thing and another one hasn't time to think much of old days. You see your ma and I went to the same academy, and we thought a sight of each other; only somehow after both of us married we sort of drifted apart. Your ma she married a wealthy city man, while I got wedded to a well-to-do farmer, and so gradually we each went our own way. Not to forget each other though, as you see, and now, my dear, excuse the liberty, but it comes natural like, being your Lucindy's son, I'll send one of the men down to the village after your trunk, and you'll just stop along with us and be as welcome as my own son, if I had one, and Marthy and I will do our best to make you comfortable," and motherly Mrs. Duncan laid her hand with an approving pat upon Paul Dorsey's slightly stooping shoulders, while he, coloring somewhat, endeavored to thank her for her warm hospitality, but was cut short with:

"Bless you, it's no put out, we have lots of room, and it will be a real pleasure to me to see Lucindy's son making himself to home in my house."

And thus it was that Paul Dorsey became a guest at Willow Brook Farm.

That evening after her visitor had retired Mrs. Duncan observing to her daughter:

"Poor young man, he hasn't a bit of appetite. I don't wonder Lucindy is fretted about him. She writes that he is always that taken up with books, that she can hardly ever coax him to go about a bit with young folks and enjoy himself. I've been thinking Marthy, if you was just to kind of make believe you need his help now and again about the garden and such, it would do him a sight of good, and he'd never suspect it was for the sake of his health," and Mrs. Duncan laughed, a low, pleased laugh, at the thought of the deception, while Martha exclaimed:

"Why, mother! you are getting to be a regular conspirator. But I am afraid it won't work, he's so—so odd."

Paul Dorsey had been told to make himself perfectly at home; so the morning after his arrival he withdrew from the breakfast table to his own room, and forthwith commenced to unpack his books preparatory to a good day's study. Everything was at last arranged to his satisfaction, but somehow his thoughts were strangely wandering this day, although not a sound disturbed the cool quietness of his surroundings. A pair of blue eyes seemed to glance mockingly from the musty page he fain would master, and he caught himself repeating aloud the old-fashioned name of "Marthy," which took unto itself the sweetest of sounds by reason of its connection with so pretty an owner. Suddenly, with a thud, the book fell from his hand, as, exclaiming: "By Jove! that's her voice," Paul Dorsey, with one stride, was at the window making sad havoc of the dainty dimity curtains with clumsy hands.

Martha, accompanied by a tall stalwart fellow, was passing down the garden path, her infectious laughter floating merrily upon the balmy air as she chatted away to the young man at her side, who appeared to be enjoying the subject under discussion as much as herself. As they disappeared from view Paul, with rather a blank look, resumed his seat and sought to apply himself to his interrupted task, but not with the old ardor did he work, and for the first time that he could remember, he listened anxiously for the bell to summon him to luncheon.

The days slipped into weeks, and still Paul Dorsey remained a guest at Willow Brook Farm, and it became no unusual sight to see him obediently following Martha's directions concerning the uprooting of certain weeds, or the fastening of some vine more securely about its support. An honest, bronze tinge had replaced Paul's once sallow complexion, and the books—well, they had become secondary, a more potent charm having outrivaled them. Mrs. Duncan congratulates herself upon her happy forethought that was working such a change in her friend's son, and Martha admitted with a slight blush, that Mr. Dorsey was getting to be almost as handsome as her cousin Joe—her beau ideal of manly beauty heretofore.

The sun burned scorching hot upon the broad gravel path just outside of the farm's pretty parlor, but within that quaint room a restful coolness held sway. Lounging idly in the depths of a willow chair, was Paul, while Martha, seated at the old organ, drew from its aged keys a low, plaintive melody. As the last note died softly away, whirling round upon her seat, Martha exclaimed:

"Do you know, Mr. Dorsey, you have been wasting the whole morning? I don't believe you have looked at a book for two days"—this last, it must be owned, with a slight air of triumph as she continued, penitently: "I am afraid I have been to blame, but to morrow I will leave you free to spend the whole day with your books, for Cousin Joe has promised to drive me over to Dapleston to do some shopping."

"Hang cousin Joe"—

"Mr. Dorsey!" from Martha's astonished lips.

"I beg pardon, I really—I hope you will have a delightful time, Miss Duncan. I assure you I shall a—enjoy it immensely being left to my books and—confound it! Excuse me I—"

And before Martha could reply, Paul Dorsey had left the room.

"How queer it is," soliloquized Martha, as Paul's departing footsteps echoed through the hall. "I don't see why he should dislike Joe so; Joe is always such a favorite with every one. I hope I haven't offended him. I am sure I didn't mean to." And with rather a puzzled look upon the fair young face, Martha closed the organ.

That evening as Martha stood down by the meadow gate caressing old Doxey, the mare, her quick ears caught the sound of a familiar tread advancing toward her, and a moment after a voice exclaimed:

"I am an idiot, Miss Martha, but I—I hope you will forgive me. I couldn't bear the idea of his monopolizing you all day. I know you could never think of an old bookworm like myself—still I—I have been very happy, and I forget sometimes that—that there is such a difference between us."

Martha's cheeks had been growing rosier and rosier, while a strange, wild joy surged through her veins, as she answered, her tones trembling slightly.

"Since I can remember Cousin Joe and I have been playmates, and since father died he has been so good and kind to mother, helping her about the farm and in every way, that he has become like a son to her, and as dear as a brother to me. Dear Joe! I don't know what we should have done without him." She paused, the tears gathering in her pretty eyes. Paul drew nearer, then hesitated, as Martha continued:

"Joe is engaged to my dearest friend, and they are to be married in just six weeks."

"I am awfully glad—I mean I wish them joy, and all that sort of thing," and Paul Dorsey advanced still nearer the little figure into whose eyes a sweet shyness had stolen.

"Martha, do you think there is a ghost of a chance for me? As it's my first attempt at anything of the kind, perhaps you will sum it up leniently, and make my sentence as easy as you can," then gathering courage from Martha's half averted face, and the extreme pinkness of the one visible ear, he laid his hand caressingly upon hers, adding:

"Martha, do you think you can forgive me for—for loving you?"

"Why should I forgive you for what I have done myself?" came the low answer, followed naively by, "But I did not know it until to-day, when I thought I had offended you."

"And—and you don't mind my being odd—or anything?" stammered Paul, in his excessive joy.

"You are not a bit odd," was the indignant reply; "I wouldn't have you any different," and Martha touched shyly the coat-sleeve in close proximity to her waist, whereupon she immediately disappeared from view, and from somewhere in the region of Paul's waistcoat pocket a muffled little voice might have been heard ejaculating:

"Oh, Paul! suppose somebody is looking?"

"I hope they are," was the audacious reply, succeeded by a second disappearance on Martha's part.

* * * * * * *

A week or so later a stylishly dressed, middle aged lady was sitting tete-a-tete with Mrs. Duncan, who was observing:

"Dear me, Lucindy, you've no call to thank me. I had nothing to do with it. Not but what I am real pleased that your son and my daughter should come together; but I had no more thought of it than yourself."

A slight smile stirred the lips of Mrs. Dorsey as she remarked:

"You are just the same as ever, Mary. Well, if Martha only turns out half as good a woman as yourself, I am satisfied that Paul has won a treasure."

"And he'll never forget, mother, that he owes that treasure to you, for if you had not sent him to seek out your old friend he'd have remained a bachelor to the end of his days," interrupted a masculine voice, while a girlish treble exclaimed, "Oh, Paul!" the rest of the sentence being forever lost by Paul daringly sealing his betrothed's lips with his own.

## HEALTH HINTS.

The treatment of eruptive fevers receives advantage from the wet sheet pack.

The cold douche to the head is the best remedy for the ravings of delirium tremens.

Acute mania, cerebral congestion, and sunstroke require the ice-cap, cool compress, or mild douche to the head.

Glycerine soap for chapped hands, lips, etc.: Take toilet soap, slice and melt with gentle heat, and add to one pound of soap one ounce of pure glycerine; when sufficiently cool make in balls.

"In 1830, while practicing in Madison county, Illinois," says a writer in the St. Louis *Medical Journal*, "I was induced by the representations of an old woman to make the trial in dysentery and diarrhea of tablespoonful doses of pure cider vinegar, with the addition of sufficient salt to be noticeable, and it acted so charmingly that I have never used anything else."

## A Story About Ferdinand Ward.

George P. Lathrop tells in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* the following story about Ward, the notorious New York financier, now an inmate of Ludlow street jail in that city:

A wealthy resident of some prosperous New England city called on Ward one day with a note of introduction from a mutual friend. In the course of conversation he remarked that he had some money to invest, and asked Ward if he couldn't tell him of some chance to put it where it would bring a good margin of profit.

Ward said that he didn't know of anything just then. He himself had more money than he knew what to do with, and beside, he was too busy with some big scheme of his own to go into any outside speculation. Of course, this only whetted the New England man's appetite for investment, and in the course of half an hour he induced the famous financier to accept his check for $58,000, to be used in one of the "blind pools" of which Grant & Ward made a specialty. Three or four months later the New England man appeared again. By that time Ward had entirely forgotten him and his check and it was with great difficulty that he could recall his name and the amount of his investment. "I believe there's something due you?" he said, after a brief conversation. Taking down a large ledger he made some brief calculations, and then observed with a pleasant smile: "The amount credited to you on our books is $102,764." Then to the bookkeeper: "Mr. Jones, will you kindly draw a check to Mr. Perkins' order for $102,754?"

Ward calmly turned to his work again, while his visitor sat gasping for breath. In the language of the day the visitor was "paralyzed." It was some time before he could control himself sufficiently to ask if there wasn't any chance for him to reinvest his money and double it again; but Ward didn't seem anxious, and at last the stranger took his departure, got his check certified at the Marine bank, and returned to his native town. Three days after he walked into Ward's office in company with four of the wealthiest of his townsmen. He had his certified check—the same one Ward had given him—in his pocket, and his friends were supplied with checks of their own. They succeeded in inducing the financier to accept about $350,000 for investment in another "blind pool." That was exactly one week before the failure of Grant & Ward.

## A Wonderful Orchestra.

There is a nightly concert in the lower part of Alleghany by the largest orchestra in the world. It is composed of at least 300 players, who perform on nearly every known instrument. The band is well trained, uniformed alike, but has no leaders. The musicians play what they please; they never see each other while they play, and their audience consists of the same people at every performance. The concert begins at precisely 6 o'clock every evening, and ends at the stroke of 7. At that hour the instruments are carefully laid away and are not disturbed again for twenty-four hours. This is according to the rules of the Western penitentiary, the inmates of which compose this remarkable musical coterie.—*Pittsburgh Times.*

## A CHINESE RACE COURSE.

### REMARKABLE SCENES AMONG THE ALMOND-EYED ORIENTALS.

#### Going to the Races in Queer Vehicles—The Coolie Carrier—Queer Horses and Jockeys.

The Hong Kong race week is one of those rare occasions when the Chinese come out of their swarming ant hills, habitually so difficult of penetration to strangers. On the afternoon of the cup day the broad, handsome main road is taken possession of for miles by a swiftly circulating mass of chattering, pig-tailed and most uncanny looking Chinese, with their equally strange looking vehicles—the light covered armchair, carried by bamboo poles on the shoulders of two coolies, and the rickshaw, a two-wheeled vehicle with a pair of shafts, between which is placed not a horse, a mule, a pony, or even a donkey, but one of those unceasingly toiling Chinese. "Lickshaw, lickshaw!"—they cannot manage our "r"—shout half a dozen eager competitors to the Englishman. The rows of rickshaws, about three deep, every one at a brisk trot, with not an inch interval in front, behind, or on one side, are kept rigidly in their places by tall, stalwart policemen, English or Sikhs, stationed along the route; and if any driver or horse—one and the same in the present case—dares to deviate from the prescribed line, the policeman, with great tact and sagacity, instantly steps forward and whacks him—not taps him, but showers down heavy whacks on the offender's hollow-sounding, shaven skull.

But we must not lose sight altogether of a very important element in the throng, the sedan chairs. These are more suitable for the staid elderly ladies. The bearers, two, or—if the weight of the lovely burden should try the supporting bamboo poles—four in number, shuffle rapidly and unweariedly along, and the occupants, perched high in the air, endeavor to look dignified, but only succeed in appearing supremely absurd. Their coolies, if in private employment, are habitually clad in light, bright cotton liveries—barefooted of course—and the effect is thoroughly Oriental and rather pretty. There, I see, is the chair belonging to the establishment of the governor of the colony. It is born by four coolies in our brilliant national scarlet uniform, and this dazzling color, in the midst of the Chinese green, yellow, and blue, really looks very imposing. There is a different sort of a chair, carefully covered and closed around with straw lattice work. It veils from public view some Chinese beauty of high degree. Soldiers under the rank of sergeant are forbidden by garrison order to travel in rickshaws.

The Europeans are only as units among thousands. True, the natives, high and low, rich and poor, afoot or transported, will instantly shrink aside at the incessant warning. "Hyah," of the running coolie, who thus intimates that he is conveying an Englishman, but the enormous majority of the streaming throng is, of course Asiatic Chinese. The route is lined with palms, with banyan trees, and with bamboos, and the red fever-causing, disintegrated granite dust flies up into our faces. Up go the umbrellas. Up hill, and my trotting coolie never flags; down hill, and his speed becomes so breakneck that every moment I expect an upset, a collision, or a smash, irrespective of the contingency of broken bones to a few English foot travelers, who would scorn to move out of the way for any number of Chinese cries of "Hyah."

Here we are at the entrance to the grand stand. A payment of about $5 procures admission to the lawn, and once more the strangeness of the scene seems for a time to baffle any systematic observation, however painstaking. In lieu of stands are some seven or eight large mat houses, light, picturesque structures, supported on bamboo poles, with sides and roofs of rushes, and decorated with tropical evergreens and bright cloth or calico, the effect of which is excessively pretty. Each mat house is the property of some one private individual or of an association, and the refreshments provided are so costly and abundant that the imputation of excessive eating and immoderate drinking can scarcely be resented.

The race crowd, without which a race meeting is as dull as a German steeplechase, is of large proportions, with representatives of nearly every Asiatic state, but, of course, Chinese enormously preponderate. Nearly all are chattering, and quite all are in high good humor, enjoying the general sense of holiday. Not a single case of drunkenness did I see—no bickering, no rowdyism, and yet no lack of fun.

The saddling bell rings, the numbers are hoisted, a thud of hoofs announces the preliminary canter. Well, what of the racing? Beneath criticism, almost beneath contempt. The ponies are from Australia, Japan or Chefoo—doubtless serviceable for the work of their respective countries, but as racers, wretched, weedy, groggy, undersized brutes; while the jockeys are the paraphernalia of their business, the preposterous length of their legs, their heavy weights, their horse coping idiosyncrasies, and their indifferent riding.

I bought a very average type of racer for £6 10s. In fact, the sport is merely a peg on which to hang the love of gambling, which, like the love of drink, runs very high in this part of the world. Innumerable and high prize lotteries are started, and three legged screws are merely bought and entered on the off chance of winning the stakes, which, in addition, are very considerable.

While pondering on the scene, my attention is suddenly aroused by an unwonted hum, bustle and excitement among the Chinese mob. A race is in course of being run, but to this incident they are habitually very indifferent. Something unusual is certainly arousing them. Here comes the horses. How queer the jockeys look, how strangely they are hunched up, how wildly they throw their arms about, how fiercely they flog, what diabolical faces—and, bless my heart, why, they have got pigtails streaming in the wind! The puzzle is explained. It is a race ridden under special arrangements by Chinese "mafoos" or grooms—the best race of the meeting, the only one which has caused any real enthusiasm. Roused by the half-laughter, half-cheers, of their white masters, stimulated by the cries of their fellow countrymen—"Go it, Fordham!" I once heard an encouraging Chinese lad shout—the mafoos, as they "finish" up their Walpurgis ride, wild with excitement, seem to have lost still further their semblance to humanity, and to be transformed into distorted-visaged, horribly frenzied demons. The race over, how they strutted about in all the pride of jockey caps and jackets, and how they clung to their costume to the last possible moment!

The tenants of the numerous mat-fashioned grand stands belonging to the higher class natives have become very jubilant and vivacious in consequence of the above-described race, and I avail myself of an opportunity to enter one tenanted chiefly by Chinese and Japanese ladies. I must confess that my bashfulness compelled me to retreat after a very few moments from the battery of their half-wondering, half-scornful glances at the European intruder, but not before I had time to remark that their faces were flushed all over with skilfully applied pink tints, excepting in patches, which revealed disagreeably even and intensely opaque whiteness. Their eyebrows were penciled into narrow stiff arches; their headdress, vests and trousers—for in China all the women wear large, loose trousers—were of variegated colors, quite ingenious in their contrasts and brightness; their black hair was dragged back into lumpy, slimy rolls like jelly fish; their stature was ugly and stunted, and their feet, their extraordinary feet, in many cases had been contracted since childhood into mere deformed knobs, hideous to look at, on which they painfully tottered for a few yards.

A wide detour round a ditch brings us into the very thick of China race course dregs. Gambling booths for large sums, gambling booths for small sums, gambling booths for nick-nacks, gambling booths for high-priced drinkables, gambling booths for low-priced carrion; each booth with an eager throng of both sexes and of all ages around it, which renders circulation difficult.

What is this fragrant and yet somewhat sickly smell, a mixture of burning spices and sandal wood, emanating from some of the closed chairs conveying home the Chinese ladies? It is due to the joss sticks, consuming which they utilize their leisure moments, an exercise which they consider as equivalent to an act of worship.

Rapidly, yet steadily, the pedestrian, the sedan chair, and the rickshaw lines of wayfarers stream into the ordinary, quiet town, just beginning to glitter with gas jets from the English lamp posts—those ubiquitous lamp posts which, in common with the gallows, may now be regarded as the symbol of advancing civilization.—*London Cornhill.*

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Mr. Henry Ward Beecher is writing a book.

Fashionable ladies in Paris now wear shoe silk socks instead of stockings.

Bustles have probably reached their maximum in size for at least six months to come.

Green in various subdued shades is a leading color in fall and early winter fashions.

The small capote, with a high crown dressily trimmed, is the favorite headgear for visiting.

For evening wear and garden party toilets young ladies wear one small tuft of natural flowers in the hair and another on the shoulder.

Very fine silk tulle veils are now to be procured in every color; instead of the thick dots they are ornamented with small woven-in rings.

The only woman railroad official in this country is Miss Laura Braden, treasurer of the Washington and Waynesburg railroad, in Pennsylvania.

The great banking house of the Rothschilds at London, employs mainly women, claiming that they are more reliable and accurate in their work than men.

The latest thing in parasols are covers of printed handkerchiefs with heraldic patterns, so laid over one another that the points fit in exactly between each other.

Blouse waists, with their broad gimps and fancy trimmings, have been the means of again bringing into fashion large embroidered collars. These are executed in Venetian embroidery.

In Garfield county, Colorado, there are 737 unmarried men and only sixty-eight unmarried women. The Glenwood *Echo* says: "We are 669 girls short here, and we want all the girls to know it."

Gloves are not worn so soiled this season as they were last, and there is a disposition to revert to French kid, after a course of Suede. In beige and the shades of fawn so popular now the former look well.

The women of Thibet, who are permitted to wear any color except green, purchase corals and pearls to ornament their head-dresses, which are the most costly part of their attire, and alone not unfrequently costs $5,000.

Neapolitan straw bonnets are liked because of their coolness and lightness, and are shown in black, beaded with small lead beads, and trimmed along the brim with pink or yellow roses that are veiled with Chantilly lace.

The tendency to make waist and sleeves of different material is more and more manifest. For instance, in a satin and lace costume, the bodice was satin and the sleeves were lace. Another, velvet and wool, had the bodice of woolen material and velvet sleeves.

Braided piques are new this season, and are much liked for young ladies. The braiding is narrow Hercules or wide soutache braid, covers the flat front and sides of the dress, the vest, the cuffs and the collar. The tail of the short basque may or may not be braided, it is purely a matter of fancy.

A new fashion is just beginning in Paris. The trimmings of the high hats are all to be placed at the back, and the effect is just as though the hat had been put on with the back to the front. A whole cascade of feathers is thus placed on some of the hats, with the curly tips just showing from a front view. Or else it is a shower of loops in moire ribbon that falls from the crown to the very edge of the brim at the back, with a few drops from the shower hanging in front.

In Germany a servant has one Sunday out every two weeks. There is an understood hour for her to come home, and if she stays out later she loses her next Sunday holiday. Her pay is never more than $20 a year, and in some families is only $12. When there is a dispute between mistress and maid, it is settled by the police. But one servant is usually kept, and the work is hard, but the washing is done outside, and pies, cakes, bread, etc., are bought.

An old style revived is the initial cuff-button. The new buttons are an improvement on the old-time button with its staring single letter. The new styles are unobstrusive and present a bewildering variety from which to select. There are buttons with old English, script, block-stitched and engraved initials; monograms intricate and graceful in their interwoven traceries, and last, but by no means least, crests and coats-of-arms.

## WISE WORDS.

If you have built air-castles, put foundations under them.

Enjoy present pleasure in such a way as not to injure future ones.

Give what you have. To some it may be better than you dare to think.

Pitch upon the best course in life, and custom will render it the most easy.

He who loves to read and knows how to reflect has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

Thrice fortunate he, to whom circumstance is made easy; whom fate visits with gentle trial, and kindly heaven keeps out of temptation.

Necessity, oftener than facility, has been the mother of invention; and the most prolific school of all has been the school of difficulty.

Few things require more of a calm, sweet, wholesome discipline than the manner with which we bear with disappointment so we are masters of ourselves.

The man who exercises largely every day, who lives out of doors, who works at a hearty manual craft under healthy conditions, will, if in a good state of health, probably find himself able to digest and assimulate pretty well any kind of food not taken in excess. The man who follows a sedentary calling must, even if in good health, take far more care of himself.

## Unharmed by Thronging Sharks.

We find this paragraph in a Trinidad (West Indies) letter to the Pittsburg *Dispatch:* When a whale is captured off the Bocas, the blowing of horns heralds its approach to one of the whaling stations in the islands of the Bocas. We at once determined to follow the whaling boat, which we soon saw rounding a point, rowed by eight vigorous whalemen, and towing a huge, shapeless mass. The capture of a whale off the coast of Trinidad is altogether different from an occurrence of the same kind in Northern and Arctic regions, owing to the swarming of countless sharks about the defunct, monster and their ferocious attacks on his carcass. We followed in the wake of the whaleboat and quite close to the whale. Already the sharks, with an instinct rivaling that of carrion birds, were gathering round their prey and increasing in numbers every moment. We reached Monos, another island in the Bocas, and there at the whaling station, situated at a flat point on shallow water, the lifeless whale was hauled in close to the shore. Now began the work of cutting up the whale, and carrying the blubber masses to the cauldrons. At this stage the sharks actually grew frantic, and would jump out of the water to seize on some piece of blubber they thought within reach. These otherwise dangerous fishes are, on an occasion of this kind, perfectly harmless to man, and this is well known to the whalemen. One of them having dropped his knife in the water, dived to recover it in the shallow water, and was left unmolested by the swarming monsters, whom he almost touched at every moment. Numbers of sharks are also harpooned with the greatest facility on these occasions, and the oil which is obtained from their livers, is said to be superior to cod liver oil in therapeutic properties.

## Dumb Beasts.

It is the universal practice to recognize birds and beasts as dumb animals. And yet they all utter or speak a language as distinct, and as well understood to each other and by mankind, as any branch of the babbling race. It is useless, almost, to select any one branch of the animal kingdom to illustrate the fact that they are not dumb, either in making a noise, uttering an intelligent language, understood by each other, in each class, and understood by man when he thoroughly studies each animal language. Take the common domestic fowl, by its familiarity best known. The clucking of a hen to her brood is plainly to keep them from straying too far, and to enable them to find her in the dark or in the grass. The hen, her chicks, and man understand it. She has another note when she discovers a worm or bug for her brood, and they run to receive it. The peculiar cry or scream of the cock when a hawk is hovering over to spy a chick is unlike any other cry, and cannot be mistaken by any one. And to show that it is not the universal language of danger, when another enemy is discovered by him approaching through weeds or grass, there is a different note of warning, and is understood by the hen and her brood, as in this case she does not look to the sky for the enemy. And there are several other peculiar notes well known to those familiar with hens and roosters, showing that they have a varied and universal language. The hog, too, can talk to its owner, and to each other, uttering as distinct notes for each wish or desire as can a Cheyenne Indian, or a Hottentot at the Cape of Good Hope. So there are virtually no dumb brutes.—*Iowa State Register.*

## A Genuine Mad-Stone.

Mr. Len Piles, a citizen of Sullivan county, is the owner of a mad-stone, says a letter from Vincennes, Ind. It is gray in color, full of pores, and almost as light as a piece of paper. It is a genuine mad-stone, and Mr. Piles keeps it wrapped in a piece of soft cloth. It was brought to the United States from Ireland many scores of years ago by Mr. Piles' ancestors. Great care has been taken of it, and it has been handed down from generation to generation. It is valued at $400. Over 1,000 applications have been made by it. Two pieces of it were broken off, and are owned by parties in Louisville and Terre Haute. The record of the stone has been lost, however, as it has changed hands so many times. The stone has been in this country sixty years, and has never been known to fail to cure a mad-dog bite when properly applied. It has been in the Piles family 200 years. The editor of a Sullivan paper says that parties who have been bitten by dogs living 150 miles distant from Sullivan have been brought to this wonderful stone and cured. The stone looks the same now as fifty years ago.

## A Broken Heart.

The term broken heart as commonly applied to death from excessive grief, is not a vulgar error, but may arise from violent muscular exercise or strong mental emotions. The affection was, it is believed, first described by Harvey; but since his day several cases have been observed. Morgagni has recorded a few examples, among them that of George II. of England, who died suddenly of this disease in 1760, and, what is very curious, Morgagni himself became a victim to the same malady.

## Forcing the Voice.

During the summer of 1884 a young man splendidly built, called on me, having previously demanded an appointment, explaining that he had my advice to ask in a matter of paramount importance to him. He asked me what he should do under the following circumstances: He was the happy possessor of a very sweet tenor voice, of which he gave an instant proof. He was recommended to go to a certain Italian singing-master for the purpose of developing the strength of his voice. This gentleman recommended him to take hold of the back of a chair with both his hands, and then, pressing on it as hard as he could, to shout with all his might. Did I think that was the right way to go to work? I replied that if his object was to break his voice he would undoubtedly reach that object by so doing, otherwise I could not imagine any good it could do. Such murderous ignorance I really think ought to be brought before the court, because either intentionally or unintentionally that young man would have been deprived of what he had to make a living from. He is now engaged and sings at a theatre of not too big proportions in the sweetest way possible, and would certainly not have a tone left in his throat had he followed the advice above indicated. And perhaps I may be allowed at this opportunity to tender the advice of my long experience to those who begin singing. Before all, let a competent master tell them what sort of a voice they have got. To treat a mezzo-soprano as a contralto can be as hurtful to it as to treat it like a high soprano. The tessitura—that is, the principal position in which the voice moves—is of decisive importance for the singer, and it is a well-known fact that keeping the voice in exercises of proper limits will extend the faculty of singing lower or higher notes, which can only be gained by well-calculated study.—*Temple Bar.*

## It Never Fails.

They had been enemies for three long years. They passed each other on the street with stern faces, their wives made fun of each other's dresses, and the children climbed up on the back fence and called each other shoddy aristocrats. Oh, no, there was no dove of peace around there, and lots of people predicted that a case of assassination would grow out of it.

Last evening a whole neighborhood was astonished beyond measure. These two families who had thirsted for each other's scalps were seen in sweet convention on the lawn. The men exchanged cigars, the women admired each other's latest purchase, and the blessed little children hugged each other all over the grass.

How did the change come about? Well, neither man ever owned a horse in his life, and neither knew a case of spavin from a blooming instance of poll-evil. Jones decided, however, to buy a horse. He was looking one over at his hitching-post, when Smith came along. In a moment of forgetfulness Jones remarked:

"Say, Smith, you know all about a horse. How old is this animal?"

In the jerk of a comet's tail rancor and bitterness were forgotten. The flattery hit Smith plumb-centre and ripped all the buttons off his pent-up soul. He obeyed the request, pointed out all the ringbones, stiff knees, and splints, and advised Jones not to buy. They went off arm in arm, and the dove of peace now sits on the housetops and warbles his joyous little soul up to high G.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Mummy Peas.

The Viscountess Chetwynd, writing to the London *Garden*, referring to the probability that certain seeds found lately in an Egyptian vase, supposed to be two thousand years old, will germinate, adds the following interesting account of an experiment of her own with peas of similarly ancient origin:

"Perhaps it may interest your readers to know that many years ago Pettigrew gave my brother in-law some peas that fell out of the wrappings of a mummy he was unrolling. They were planted at once, and most of them germinated. I saw them when in blossom, and a nice little row they were, about two yards long; and the seed ripened well. There could be no question as to their being foreigners; the foliage seemed more succulent and larger than the English garden-pea. The form of the flowers was also quite different. Instead of the standard being upright, it fell forward, surrounding the keel, and giving the appearance of a bell-shaped blossom—doubtless a provision against the scorching sun of Egypt during the infancy of the delicate seed-vessel. We found the peas excellent for the table; in size they were rather larger than the marrow-pea. After a year or two in Hampshire, they got mildewed, and were lost. I brought a handfull into Devonshire, and we grew them for some little time; and one of the Exeter nurserymen had them, and sent them out as 'Mummy Peas;' but they always seemed liable to get mildewed, possibly from debility in consequence of their prolonged sleep."

## A Man Drawn About by Two Sheep.

Almost every one who has ridden out toward the Bois, says a Paris letter to the New Orleans *Picayune*, has seen the old man in the little carriage drawn by sheep pattering along in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne. These sheep are two as fine fat Southdowns as you ever saw, but the occupant is a cripple by the name of De Keroy. He has been in turn a soldier, a traveler, a politician, a journalist, and a man of letters. A nephew of the Abbe Lammenais, he was for a while private secretary to Lamartine, also an intimate friend of the marquis of Hereford, at whose place in the Bois he frequently met Louis Napoleon. During the war he volunteered to carry important dispatches out of Paris for the government of the Defense Nationale. He started alone in a balloon, which was caught in a hurricane, carried into Switzerland, and came down in the midst of the Mer de Glace Glacier, where his legs were so badly frost bitten that they both had to be amputated. Beside his legs he lost his fortune by the war, and it is his poverty that compels him to make use of a sheep instead of a pony cart. Before the sheep were presented to him by a friend he used to go about in a little wagon propelled by a machine worked by hand. Babylas and Babette, as they are called, now draw their master as swiftly as a pony could. The "Solitaire de Parly," as M. de Keroy calls himself, and Victor Hugo were fast friends; the latter often walking alongside the "mutton coach," talking with its occupant and caressing the sheep.

*A POOR YOUNG MAN TO HIS GIRL.*

A jewel rare are you, dear Anne,
But can you use a frying pan?
Or get a meal for a hungry man?
Oh, I will wed you if you can,
Sweet Anne!

Your dainty fingers wield a fan,
But can they wash a pot or pan?
Sweep, bake and brew? Oh, if they can,
I am, in truth, the very man,
Sweet Anne!

You work in Kensington, fair Anne,
Play, sing and dance, but if you can
Well mend my socks, none other than
Myself can worship like this man,
Sweet Anne!

—*Life.*

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A big diamond—The baseball field.—*Life.*

"Stick to it," as the fly-paper observed to the fly.—*Graphic.*

Guns are only human, after all. They will kick when the load becomes too heavy.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

When a barber seeks to make himself sociable with a customer in the chair, he is only "scraping an acquaintance."

"I catch on," was probably what the fish said when he took the baited hook. "He weighed five pounds," was probably the lie told by the fisherman.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dude—"You love me then, Miss Lydia?" Lydia—"Love is perhaps somewhat too much to say. At least I have sympathy for you, because your face resembles so much that of my poor dead Fido."

Some Eastern poetess asks the conundrum: "Oh, where does beauty linger?" Our office hours are from eight to six; mornings, noons and evenings generally at home, or out walking with the family.—*Peck's Sun.*

General Washington went fishing at least once. And on that occasion he caught a trout at least four inches long. While down at the corner grocery in the evening, after returning from his angling tour, he was asked how much the trout weighed, when he uttered those memorable words, viz.: "I cannot tell a lie. It weighed seventeen and a half pounds."—*Norristown Herald.*

She'd a lovely little pug
With

# The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
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The PRESS entered its thirty-third volume on January 1st, 1884.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1885.


—Frost and snow in Vermont, Ontario and Canada last week.

—Apples are reprosented as being unusually plenty all over the whole country.

—The National Mexican Veterans Association adopted resolutions asking Congress for pensions.

—Heavy rains in Texas have worked serious damage to the standing cotton; on account of the damage caused by rain it is estimated that two-thirds of the crop will grade low middling and the loss by waste and destruction will reach several million dollars.

—A firm of cheesemakers near Buffalo, N. Y., have just pressed a cheese weighing 3,300 pounds. Sixteen tons of milk were used in its manufacture. Three other cheeses, weighing from 1,000 to 3,000 pounds each, are being made by the same firm for the English market.

—The United States Court House at Greensboro, says the *Workman*, has received its roof of slate, and the work of finishing up is now going on. Gradually the fine architectural features of the building are made to appear, and when finished the effect will be in a high degree pleasing. Nothing so complete has been seen in these parts.

—That our readers may form an estimate of the growing fish traffic of Newbern and Morehead we state the fact that it required nineteen drays to transfer the fish from the Newbern to the W. & W. and R. & D. cars in this city yesterday. There were one hundred and seventy-nine boxes, and all of them going by express.—*Goldsboro Argus.*

—Orders have been posted in the postoffice at Chamberlain, Dakota, signed by John G. Gassman, United States Indian agent at the Crow Creek agency, ordering all settlers to remove their effects from the reservation before October 7th, and threatening to call on the United States army to eject them if necessary. It is asserted that not a settler will comply with the order.

### St. Nicholas for October.

This is the twelfth and last number of the current volume. It is a feast of good things, perhaps the best bill of fare presented during the year. Among the prominent contributors are Celia Thaxter and Frank R. Stockton. The base ball boys will enjoy the story of "How science won the game." "Pulcheria of Constantinople" is an interesting bit of history. From "Bach to Wagner" gives the happy boyhood of Mendelssohn. "The Honey Hunters" is an interesting paper.

But probably most readers, before turning to these and the other bright stories, poems and pictures, will first look to see how Mr. Trowbridge finally extricates his hero from the difficulties in which he has been involved by "His Own Fault," and how Mr. E. P. Roe disposes of the happy family that has been "Driven Back to Eden"—the two serial stories that, like all other good things, must come to an end at last.

Subscribe now.

### The Virginia Campaign.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the Democratic nominee for Governor, gave the following answers to the questions propounded:

"General, do you hear of many Republicans coming over to the Democrats?"

"Yes, a great many of the old Republicans, among them Wickham, Callahan, Rives, Baily and others. Indeed, at every point I have been I had Republicans come up and give me such information, and state to me that they are with us on State issues."

"What in your judgment is the effect of Mr. John S. Wise's denunciation of the Pittsylvania county people as murderers and assassins?"

"He does himself and his cause harm, of course."

"What in your opinion is the animus of Mr. Wise in so abusing Virginia people?"

"I suppose he thinks it will help the Radical prospective wing of the National Republican party to which his party in Virginia is allied, and who are fighting under the bloody shirt and not the Star Spangled Banner."

—Charles C. Holden, of Raleigh, has accepted the position of Master of Languages in the University School at Ellicott City, Md.

### New York Conventions.

The Democratic State Convention of New York nominated Hill for Governor and Roswell P. Flower for Lieut. Governor.

The Platform was then read as follows:

"The Democrats of the State of New York, in Convention assembled, congratulate the people of the whole Union upon the election and inauguration of Grover Cleveland to be President of the United States. We commend the wise and statesmanlike tone of his inaugural address, and the significant public recognition in the selection of his Cabinet advisers, of the fact that the Union of these thirty-eight indestructible States is at last thoroughly re-established. His firm, considerate and conscientious conduct as President has already proven the falsity of the predictions of a national calamity with which his enemies and the enemies of the Democratic party endeavored to alarm the public mind during the canvas. We hereby tender to him our party approbation of the public policy which has governed his official action, and we especially emphasize in our approbation the effort he has made to eradicate corruption and incompetency from the public service, by the appointment of honest and capable Democrats, in order that there shall be a thorough and wholesome reform of the methods condemned by the people who confided to him the administration of this high official trust."

The New York Republicans met on the 22nd ult., and on the following day nominated a ticket headed by Ira Davenport for Governor and Gen. Carr, the present Secretary of State, for Lieutenant Governor. A platform in favor of protection was adopted.

JUDGE LYNCH.—From the Raleigh *Visitor:*

MONCURE, N. C., Sept. 29.—About one hundred disguised men went to the Pittsboro jail last night, about 1 o'clock, and demanded the keys from the jailor, and by threats made him give them up and show them the prisoners they wanted. They took Jerry Finch and wife, Lee Tyson and John Pattishall and carried them to a public road crossing, one mile from Pittsboro, and hung them to a tree.

No confessions are reported as yet.

This is the terrible sequel to the triple murder of the Finch family on the night of the 4th of last July, and of the murder of the Gunter family, near the same spot, some eighteen months ago.

### Bishop Lyman's Appointments.

Oct. 4th. Sunday. Morganton.
" 6th. Tuesday. Salisbury.
" 7th. Wednesday. St. Mary's, Rowan county.
" 8th. Thursday. St. Andrews.
" 9th. Friday. Concord.
" 11th. Sunday. Greensboro.
" 13th. Tuesday. Winston.
" 14th. Wednesday. Germant'n.
" 16th. Friday. Walnut Cove.
" 18th. Sunday. Leaksville.
" 20th. Tuesday, p. m. Reidsville.
" 21st. Wednesday, p.m. Milton.
" 22d. Thursday, Cunningham's Person county.
Nov. 3rd, Tuesday, p. m. Shelby.
" 4th. Wednesday, p. m. Lincolnton.
" 5th. Thursday. St. Paul's, Lincoln county.
" 5th. Thursday, p. m. Church of our Saviour.
" 6th. Friday. High Shoals.
" 8th. Sunday. Pittsboro.
" 9th. Monday. Deep River.

### Excitement in Texas

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Drug Stores.

### Planting Fruit Trees in the Fall.

The successful planting of fruit trees in the fall depends very much upon the method pursued. If the work is well done, fall planting is to be preferred because the growth of new roots will go on all the winter, so long as the ground is not frozen, and a year's time is saved by it. The holes are dug 30 feet apart—making 50 trees per acre, the top soil is thrown out on one side, and the bottom soil on the other to a depth of 18 inches and 3 feet wide. Six inches of top soil dug from near by is then put in the bottom and raised in the centre to a mound, upon which the centre of the root is placed. The tree is then placed on the mound and the roots evenly spread, the top soil is lightly scattered over the roots which are carefully placed among the soil so as to be as nearly as possible in a natural position. More soil is then filled in, and finally the bottom soil is thrown in and the whole well trampled. The top is cut back to bring the tree into a good shape. The trees should be well fastened to strong stakes to preserve a straight and upright growth.

LESURER, MINN., Sept. 24.—A car of full blood Hereford stock, owned by the Cosgrove Live Stock Company of this place, was burned while in transit to Dakota, yesterday. The car caught fire from a spark from the engine when about two miles from here. The stock was valued at $6,000. Two men who were in the car jumped off and were badly hurt.

—A New York detective states that an organized scheme is afoot to flood the large cities with counterfeit money, and that it would be well for all who are handling money to be very cautious.

### CIVIL SERVICE.

Dorman B. Eaton has resigned from the Civil Service Commission, and the following letter from President Cleveland warmly endorses Mr. Eaton and the Civil Service system:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 11, 1885.

*Hon. Dorman B. Eaton:*

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter tendering your resignation as a member of the Board of Civil Service Commissioners. I cannot refrain from expressing my sincere regret that you have determined to withdraw from a position in the public service where your intelligent performance of your duty has been of inestimable value to the country. The friends of civil service reform and all those who desire good government fully appreciate your devotion to the cause in which you early enlisted and they have seen with satisfaction that your zeal and faith have not led you to suppose that the reform in which you were engaged is unsuited to the rules which ordinarily govern progress in human affairs, or that it should at once reach perfection and universal acceptance. You have been willing patiently to accept the good results as they step by step could be gained, holding every advance with unyielding steadfastness. The success which thus far has attended the work of civil service reform is largely due to the fact that its practical friends have proceeded upon the theory that real and healthy progress can only be made as such of the people as cherish the pernicious political ideas, long fostered and encouraged by vicious partisanship, are persuaded that the change contemplated by the reform offers substantial improvements and benefits. Reasonable toleration for old prejudices, graceful recognition of every aid, sensible utilization of every instrumentality that promises assistance, and constant effort to demonstrate the advantages of the new order of things, are the means by which this reform movement will in future be further advanced. The opposition of incorrigible opponents will be rendered ineffectual and the cause placed upon a sure foundation. Of course there should be no surrender of principle or backward step and all laws for enforcement of reform should be rigidly executed, but the benefits which its principles promise will not be fully realized unless the acquiescence of the people is added to the stern assertion of the doctrine and the rigorous enforcement of the law. It is a source of congratulation that there are so many friends of civil service reform marshalled on the practical side of the question, and that the number is not greater of those who profess friendliness for the cause and yet mischievously and with supercilious self-righteousness discredit every effort not in exact accord with their attenuated ideas, decry with carping criticism the labor of those actually in the field of reform and, ignoring the conditions which bind and qualify every struggle for radical improvement in the affairs of the government, demand complete and immediate perfection. The reference in your letter to the attitude of members of my cabinet as to the merits of the system established by the civil service law, besides being entirely correct, exhibits an appreciation of honest endeavor in the direction of reform and do justice to proved sincerity which is most gratifying. If such treatment of those upon whom the duty rests of administering the government according to reform methods was a universal rule, and the embarrassments and perplexities attending such an administration were fairly regarded by all those professing to be friendly to such methods, the avowed enemies of the cause would be afforded less encouragement. I believe in civil service reform and its application in the most practical form attainable; among other reasons because it opens the door for rich and poor alike to a participation in public place-holding and I hope the time is at hand when all our people will see the advantage of reliance for such an opportunity upon merit and fitness instead of dependence upon the caprice or selfish interest of those who impudently stand between the people and the machinery of their government. In one case reasonable intelligence and education which is freely furnished are credentials for office. In the other favor is secured by participation in partisan work after unfitting the person morally if not mentally and physically for the responsibilities and duties of public employment. You will agree with me, I think, that the support which has been given to the present administration in its efforts to preserve and advance this reform by the Democratic party restored to power after an exclusion for many years from participation in places attached to public service: confronted with a new system precluding the redistribution of such places in its interest; called upon to surrender the advantages which perverted partisanship had taught the American people belonged to the successful, and perturbed by a suspicion always raised in such an emergency, that their rights in the conduct of this reform had not been scrupulously regarded, should receive due acknowledgment and should confirm our belief that there is a sentiment among the people better than a desire to hold office, and a patriotic impulse upon which may safely rest the integrity of our institutions and the strength and perpetuity of our government. I have determined to request you to hold your position until November next, at which time your resignation may become operative. I desire to express my entire confidence in your attachment to the cause of civil service reform and your ability to render it efficient aid, and I indulge the hope and expectation that notwithstanding the acceptante of your resignation your interest in the object for which you have labored so assiduously will continue beyond the official term which you surrender.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

### Industrial Progress in Two Weeks.

The Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*, of September 26, says that not only do the signs of coming industrial activity in the South multiply, but the activity itself is already seen. Factories that have been idle for some months are resuming work; the demand for manufactured goods is improving, and the Southern people are in good spirits regarding the future. Three or four large cotton mills in the South will start up at once after an idleness of several months, while a number of other cotton mills are repairing their machinery and putting in new, one company having just voted $20,000 for new machinery. During the last two weeks the *Manufacturers' Record* has reported some very important enterprises that will materially add to the wealth of the South. The most important new enterprise reported in the South for a long time is that, of which particulars are given to-day, for the erection of immense works in Virginia, at a cost of $2,250,000 to manufacture steel, composite brass, &c., the annual capacity to be $100,000 tons. The purchase of 18,000 acres of magnificent coal and iron land has already been made, and the preliminary work of getting ready to construct the plant will, we are assured, be commenced this fall. Everything necessary for the construction of these immense works, we have been personally informed, has been secured. Besides this, there have been a number of other extensive enterprises reported during the last two weeks, and among them we note a $250,000 coal mining company in Alabama; a $450,000 mining company in Kentucky; a $50,000 coal mining company in the same State; a $50,000 coal mining company in West Virginia; the lease of 7,000 acres of coal land also in that State for development, and several gold mining enterprises in North Carolina and Georgia; a $50,000 axe and hatchet factory will be erected in Louisville, Ky.; a large fertilizer factory in Columbia, S. C.; an ice factory in Corsicana, Texas; in Richmond, Va., a new carriage factory is nearly completed, while large additions are to be made to a fertilizer factory; in Dallas, Texas, $150,000 electric light works have been contracted for, and in Knoxville, Tenn., and Waco, Texas electric light companies have been organized; a $100,000 milling company has been chartered in Denton, Texas; a $100,000 caisson manufacturing company in Baltimore and a barrel manufacturing company in Columbus, Ga.; in Lynchburg, Va., a large tobacco factory has been contracted for; in Henderson, Tex., a foundry will be built; in Sherman, Texas, an oil refinery and a soap factory have been added to a cotton seed oil mill; in Memphis, Tenn., $15,000 have been spent for new machinery for a fertilizer factory, Houston, Texas, is working up a cotton mill and a soap factory company; a pottery is being built near Walhalla, S. C.; a machine shop is under construction in Tavares, Fla.; a wood pulp paper mill in Manchester, Tenn.; a machine shop in Charlotte, N. C.; a paint and barrel factory in Talladega, Ala.; in Thomaston and Conyers, Ga., cotton seed oil mills are projected; at Annapolis, Md., a glass factory is being built; Montague, Texas, is to have a $30,000 flour mill; Palatka, Fla., new railway machine shops; and Claremont, Va., a foundry and a canning factory. Of other enterprises, such as saw-mills, planing mills, grist mills, ginneries, &c., the number is very large, while the manufacturing enterprises that are enlarging and putting in new machinery are almost too numerous to mention.

AN IMMENSE CORN CROP.—The corn crop of the country is now beyond the frost line and safe. It is estimated at 1,990,000,000 bushels—the largest crop ever raised. It extinguished the hopes of those who have been looking for and predicting a boom in wheat on account of the short crop of that grain—a decrease of 150,000,000 bushels, as compared with the yield of last year. Corn is the great home crop of the country—the bones, blood and muscle of the land. It possesses the capacity of being a substitute for other grains and of being turned to good account in more ways than any other crop we raise. It is absurd to look for high prices for the staple articles of food in this country, with 40 bushels of corn for every man, woman and child of the population. Food will be cheap for a year to come, at least.

—An immense chart showing the areas of improved forest and unimproved (including waste) land in each State and Territory of the Union, has been prepared by Mr. R. W. Best, of the Forestry Division Agricultural Department. It is found that there are 285,000,000 acres of improved land, 445,000,000 of forest, and 730,000,000 acres of unimproved and waste untimbered land. Incidentally, it is found that forests are disappearing at the rate of $25,000,000 acres each year. The forest product during the census year was 18,000,000 feet, board measure. Last year it was 28,000,000,000 feet.

—The total value of the merchandise exported to various countries in July was over $136,000,000, of which the manufactured articles, omitting flour, refined oil, leather, provisions, and dairy products, spirits of turpentine and refined sugar, were as follows: Agricultural implements, $329,589; manufactures of cotton, $1,314,238; sewing machines, $260,173; steam engines and machinery, $279,262; boards, deals and planks, $593,953;—total, $2,777,215.

### Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work."

Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Drug Stores.

### The Courts Under the New Arrangement.

FIRST DISTRICT—JUDGE SHEPHERD.

Currituck—September 7, one week.
Camden—September 14, one week.
Pasquotank—September 21, one week.
Perquimans—September 28, one week.
Chowan—October 5, one week.
Gates—October 12, one week.
Hertford—October 19, one week; December 21, one week.
Washington—October 26, one week; December 14, one week.
Tyrrell—November 2, one week.
Dare—November 9, one week.
Hyde—November 16, one week.
Pamlico—November 23, one week.
Beaufort—November 30, two weeks.

SECOND DISTRICT—JUDGE PHILLIPS.

Craven—November 30, two weeks.
Warren—September 21, two weeks.
Northampton—October 5, two weeks.
Edgecombe—October 19, two weeks.
Bertie—November 2, two weeks.
Halifax—November 16, two weeks.

THIRD DISTRICT—JUDGE CONNOR.

Franklin—August 17, one week; November 16, one week.
Martin—September 7, two weeks; December 7, two weeks, for civil causes and jail cases only.
Pitt—September 21, two weeks.
Greene—October 5, two weeks.
Vance—October 19, two weeks.
Wilson—November 2, two weeks.
Nash—November 23, two weeks.

FOURTH DISTRICT—JUDGE CLARK.

Wake—July 13, two weeks; criminal causes only. August 31, two weeks; civil causes only. September 28, two weeks; criminal. October 26, three weeks; civil causes only.
Wayne—July 27, two weeks; civil and criminal. September 14, two weeks; civil and criminal. October 19, one week; civil causes only.
Harnett—August 10, one week; civil and criminal.
Johnston—August 17, two weeks; civil and criminal.

FIFTH DISTRICT—JUDGE GILMER.

Orange—August 10, one week; November 9, one week.
Caswell—August 17, one week; November 16, one week.
Person—August 24, one week; November 23, one week.
Guilford—August 31, two weeks; December 14, two weeks.
Granville—September 14, two weeks; November 30, two weeks.
Alamance—September 28, one week.
Chatham—October 5, two weeks.
Durham—October 19, two weeks.

SIXTH DISTRICT—JUDGE MCKOY.

Jones—August 17, one week; November 2, one week.
Lenoir—August 24, two weeks; November 16, two weeks.
Duplin—September 7, one week; November 30, two weeks.
Pender—September 14, one week; for civil cases only.
New Hanover—September 28, two weeks.
Sampson—October 12, two weeks; December 14, one week.
Carteret—October 26, one week.
Onslow—November 9, one week.

SEVENTH DISTRICT—JUDGE MCRAE.

Cumberland—July 27, one week; November 9, one week, for criminal causes only; November 16, two weeks, for civil causes.
Columbus—August 3, one week.
Moore—August 17, two weeks; December 7, two weeks.
Robeson—August 31, two weeks; October 12, two weeks.
Anson—September 14, one week, for criminal causes; November 30, one week, for civil causes.
Brunswick—September 21, one week.
Richmond—September 28, two weeks; December 21, one week.
Bladen—October 26, two weeks.

EIGHTH DISTRICT—JUDGE MONTGOMERY.

Iredell—August 10, two weeks; November 9, two weeks.
Rowan—August 24, two weeks; November 23, two weeks.
Davidson—September 7, two weeks; December 7, one week.
Randolph—September 21, two weeks.
Montgomery—October 5, two weeks.
Stanley—November 19, two weeks.
Cabarrus—November 2, one week; for criminal cases and non-jury civil cases.

NINTH DISTRICT—JUDGE GRAVES.

Rockingham—July 27, two weeks; November 9, one week.
Stokes—August 10, two weeks; November 16, one week.
Surry—August 24, two weeks; November 23, one week.
Alleghany—September 7, one week.
Wilkes—September 14, two weeks.
Yadkin—September 28, two weeks.
Davie—October 12, two weeks.
Forsyth—October 26, two weeks.

TENTH DISTRICT—JUDGE AVERY.

Henderson—July 20, three weeks.
Burke—August 10, two weeks.
Ashe—August 24, one week.
Watauga—August 31, one week.
Caldwell—September 7, one week.
Mitchell—September 14, two weeks.
Yancey—September 28, two weeks.
McDowell—October 12, two weeks.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT—JUDGE SHIPP.

Alexander—July 27, one week.
Catawba—August 3, one week.
Cleveland—August 10, two weeks; October 26, one week.
Mecklenburg—August 31, 3 weeks; civil causes only.
Union—September 21, two weeks.
Lincoln—October 5, one week.
Gaston—October 12, two weeks.
Rutherford—November 2, two weeks.
Polk—November 16, one week.

TWELFTH DISTRICT—JUDGE GUDGER.

Madison—August 3, two weeks; November 23, two weeks, civil causes.
Buncombe—August 17, three weeks; December 7, two weeks.
Transylvania—September 7, 1 week.
Haywood—September 14, two weeks.
Jackson—September 28, one week.
Macon—October 5, one week.
Clay—October 12, one week.
Cherokee—October 19, two weeks.
Graham—November 2, one week.
Swain—November 9, one week.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE—A good mare. Enquire of
L. V. & E. T. BLUM.


**T. R. PURNELL,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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BOOKS
AT
COST!

Wishing to reduce our stock of

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AND

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before the Fall Trade begins we will sell

AT & BELOW COST

a large lot of

SCHOOL & MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKS

for all classes and all tastes. There is no mistake about this. The list includes some of Houghton & Mifflin's popular Novels and Biographies. Don't fail to call and examine the Stock.

A lot of

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consisting of

WORK BOXES,

SATCHELS,

SCRAP BOOKS,

and numerous other articles of value.

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BOOKSTORE,

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SALEM, - - - N. C.

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HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WINSTON, N. C.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,

*DEALERS IN*

STAR BRAND FERTILIZERS, GRASS SEEDS AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.

FARMERS' SUPPLIES.

1,000 BUSHELS OF CORN, 10,000 POUNDS CORN CHOP, 5000 pounds Bolted Meal, 20,000 pounds Ship Stuff, 200 Bags Flour, 25,000 pounds Side Meat, 2,000 pounds Canvassed Hams, 1,000 pounds Breakfast Bacon, 3,000 pounds Lard, 200 bags Coffee, 100 bbls. Extra C, White Extra C. and Granulated Sugar, 50 bbls. Syrup and Porto Rico Molasses, 5 bbls. Rice, 50 Kegs of Soda, 1,000 seamless sacks Salt, 25 bbls. 110 and 150 test Coal Oil, 2,000 pounds of Sole Leather, 1,000 pairs Half Soles, and many other goods in same line, all of which will be sold at bottom prices by
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

HARDWARE.

200 KEGS CUT NAILS, 25 KEGS ASSORTED HORSE AND MULE Shoes, Horse Shoe Nails, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Mattocks, Handled Hoes, Grain Scythes and Cradles, Grass Scythes, Snaths and Whet Stones, Horse Collars, Hames, Back Bands, Trace Chains, Log Chains, Hand Saws and Files, Cross Cut Saws and Files, Mill Saw Files, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Pocket Knives, Table Knives and Forks, Spoons, Butcher and Tobacco Knives, Smoothing Irons, Apple and Peach Parers, Knob, Stock, Pad, Chest, Till, Wardrobe and Jail Locks, Lap or Repair Links, Hooks and Staples, Steel Plows, Bed Fasteners, Hat and Coat Hooks, Sewing and Pegging Awls and Hafts, Iron and Steel Squares, Narrow and Loose Joint Butts, Shutter Hinges, Strap and T Hinges, Screws, Fire Irons, Tacks, Finishing Nails, Cartridges, Gun Caps, Shot and Bar Lead, Coffee Mills, Frying Pans, Brass Kettles, and a full line of Staple Hardware at very low prices. When you need anything in this line it will pay you to see
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

SUNDRIES.

LINSEED (RAW AND BOILED) OIL, COPAL, JAPAN AND OTHER Varnishes, Lewis' White Lead, Window Glass and Putty, 2 and 3 Hoop Painted and Cedar Buckets, Plain, Painted and Cedar Tubs, 3 and 4 gallon Well Buckets, 1, 2, 3, 4½, 5 and 10 gallon Oak Kegs, 2, 3 and 4 String Brooms, 3, 4, 5 and 10 gallon Cedar Churns, 4 and 5 gallon Shipping Cans, Jute, Sisel and Cotton Rope, and many more articles in same line. No one sells cheaper than
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

FRUIT JARS, QUART AND ½ GALS., STONE CROCKS, JUGS, JARS, and Churns, Tin Buckets, Coffee Pots, Oil Cans, Wash and Dish Pans, Milk Strainers and Cups, Tin Cups, Lard Cans, also many other articles which you can buy to advantage of
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

WE SAY IF YOU WANT PURE CANDIES, FRESH CRACKERS, Oysters, Canned Fruits, Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Sulphur, Copperas, Blue Stone, Cinnamon, Extracts, Essences, Concentrated Lye, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Horse and Cattle Powders, Patent Medicines and such like, you cannot buy them cheaper than they will be sold to you by
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

HAVE YOU ANY HATS?

YES, SIR, ABOUT 35 CASES MEN'S AND BOY'S; STRAW FROM 5 cts. to $4. Men's and Boys' Wool and Saxony Wool from 25 cents to $1.25. Men's and Boys' Soft Finish Fur, very latest styles, from 75 cents to $5.00. Men's Stiff Hats from $1.00 to $3.00. No house carries a better or larger stock and you cannot buy cheaper of any one than you can of
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

HOW ABOUT SHOES AND BOOTS?

NOW YOU HAVE STRUCK US. WE HAVE MADE THIS LINE OF OUR business a specialty for years, and do a very large business in both Shoes and Boots. We have received at one time as many as 200 cases direct from the factories. Our stock at all times is very large, well assorted, quality good to best. WE DO NOT SELL SHODDY SHOES. We have all grades of the Bay State Boots and Shoes. A prominent farmer told us last week that he wore a pair of Bay State high-cut $1.75 Standard Screw Brogans 12 months. We have sold in the past 10 days 90 pairs of this same shoe, and have 420 pairs on the way. We have them in cheaper grade Brogans, also Bals, laced and buttoned Shoes, ranging in prices from $1.25 to $4.75. Also have all the styles for Boys and Children. We have T. Miles' Son's Philadelphia Hand Made Shoes from $3 00 to $7.00 per pair. There are no Shoes on the market, of the same class, of superior merit or more value for the same money.

We carry a very large stock of the various styles and qualities of other makes of Shoes, and can always suit you in style, fit and prices.

In addition to a full line of Bay State Boots, we carry a large stock of Calf, P Calf, Wax Kip, and Split Boots for men, boys and children, ranging in price from $1.00 to $7.00 per pair.

Our Randolph Shoe made of home tanned leather, at $2.00 per pair, is an extra good and cheap shoe.

Remember that we have the exclusive control and sale of the Bay State, T. Miles' Sons and the Randolph Shoes in this market; every pair, with their trade mark on them, is fully warranted not to rip, to wear well, and give satisfaction. Do not buy any kind of Shoes until you examine the stock of
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Do You Sell Clothing and Men's Wear?

WE CARRY A VERY LARGE STOCK OF COTTONADES, LINEN Drills, Jeans, Cassimeres, Doeskin, and have a few patterns Broad Cloth, Coat Linings, Canvass, Buttons, Buckles, Coat Bindings, &c.

We have a good assortment of medium and good quality Clothing and Overcoats, which we are selling at remarkably low prices. We also sell the Globe Unlaundried and Laundried Shirts, the best Shirts on the market at the prices, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Men's Gauze and Merino Shirts. Merino and Cotton Drawers, &c. When you want anything in the above line come direct to
HINSHAW & BYNUM'S.

ARE YOU GOING TO TRAVEL?

Do you Want to Protect Yourself from the Sunshine and the Rain?

IF SO, COME TO US AND BUY A GOOD TRUNK, VALISE, SATCHEL, Umbrella, Rubber Overcoat, or Gossamer.
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

IF YOU WANT INK, STEEL PENS, WRITING PAPER, COPY BOOKS, Blank Books, Standard School Books, Envelopes, Slates, Pencils or anything in this line come to
HINSHAW & BYNUM'S.

STOVES AND HOLLOW WARE.

WE HAVE SOLD SEVERAL CAR LOADS OF ISAAC A. SHEPPARD'S Excelsior Cook Stoves during the last three years, and so far as we know every one has given perfect satisfaction, in all respects they are equal and in some respects superior to any and all Stoves made. Prices as low as the prices of any other good Stove. We keep in stock Nos. 16, 17, 18, 27, 28, and 28 with Reservoir. We also keep a full line of Excelsior Stove Fixtures, Ovens, Spiders, extra Lids, small Pots, Tea Kettles, Wash Pots and Wash Kettles. Do not buy any Stove until you examine the Excelsior.
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

5,000 BAGS STAR BRAND WHEAT AND GRASS FERTILIZER for sale this fall. Also a full line of Field, Grass and Clover Seeds.

OUR TRADE IS STEADILY INCREASING. THE MORE GOODS WE sell the better bargains we are able to give. We invite an examination of our stock and prices.

Very Respectfully

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Winston, N. C., July 20th, 1885-tf.

# The People's Press.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.


## LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 10 Leaves Salem, | 6.30 a. m. |
| " 10 Arrives " | 11.25 a. m. |
| " 11 Leaves " | 6.55 p. m. |
| " 12 Arrives " | 1.17 a. m. |

—All persons in arrears for the Press will please call and settle.

—Press, self-piler, for sale.

—Weather warm and dry, with cool nights.

—Slight frost here Wednesday night of the 25th.

—E. Powers' new residence on Cherry street is in progress.

—Messrs. F. & H. Fries now run their factories on winter schedule.

—Communication from Rev. J. B. Lineback, Cherokee Nation, next week.

—Misses L. and A. Van Vleck have returned from their protracted visit North.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Anthony left for their home in Tennessee, Wednesday evening.

—The crowd at the circus on Tuesday was immense. The canvas was literally packed.

—Miss Carrie Crist has gone to Madison on a visit of a few weeks to Mrs. Jesse Carter.

—C. S. Furgeson, who removed from Waughtown to Indiana, is back again to remain, we learn.

—Oscar Agthe, son of Prof. Agthe, is on a visit from Pennsylvania to his parents in this place.

—Sunday School celebration on Saturday in the Salem square. See announcement elsewhere.

—Thanks to the committee for an invitation to participate in the Louisburg Railroad celebration on Thursday, Oct. 1.

—Miss Mary M. Zevely and Mrs. Chas. Buford will leave Friday morning on a visit to their uncle, A. N. Zevely, in Washington City, and will be absent several weeks.

—Robert Williard presented us with some fine sweet potatoes, the largest weighing 3¼ pounds. Also a corn stalk and ear, measuring eleven feet in length.

—Elder Wm. Turner baptised 15 persons at Liberty church, Davidson county, a few weeks since at the close of the annual protracted meet-Many more professed religion.

—The Yadkin College people are having some difficulty in keeping up the water supply. Wells that have never failed before, have gone dry this year, and have been deepened.

**N. W. N. C. Guide Book.**

An illustrated edition of this popular pamphlet has just been issued. An appendix notices the late improvements in Salem and Winston. Price 25 cents.

—The protracted meeting at Friedberg Church was well attended. Rev. F. F. Hagen, formerly pastor of this church, and now of Philadelphia, preached several times. Considerable interest was manifested and it is hoped much good resulted from the meetings.

—Mrs. D. H. Starbuck will, we learn, leave about the first of October to visit relatives in Lancaster, Penn., where after a few weeks Judge Starbuck himself will join her, when they will visit Boston and other cities North, being absent until nearly Christmas.—*Republican.*

—Mocksville *Times:* Mr. James Deadman, of Jerusalem township, has a peach tree that now has the second crop growing on it. Mr. Deadman says the tree has borne 2 crops a year, for the past 3 years, and the second crop, while not so large, is always the best, having a finer flavor.

—Last year, N. L. Kimel, one of the brag farmers of Arcadia township, Davidson County, sowed one peck of "welcome oats" for seed, and realized but a small quantity of seed from it. This year he sowed what he raised last year and harvested twenty-nine bushels weighing 41 pounds to the bushel, being nine pounds over the standard weight of oats.—*Daily.*

—We talked with a person a few days ago, who says he is convinced that he can make more money by raising vegetables for market than he can by raising tobacco. He says that this spring he owed two notes, the principal of which amounted to $90, with some accrued interest, and he calculated on paying these notes during the year by selling vegetables, milk, butter, a few sheep and calves. Early in the spring his best cow fell down, and dislocated her hip. This embarrassed him in his project, and he became more diligent in his efforts. By the first day of September, he had kept up his family expenses, paid off the two notes, bought each of his sons a new suit of clothes and had not been compelled to sell his sheep and calves as he had intended to do. Some months he cleared $25 a month and kept up his family expenses. He did not go to town but twice a week, and sometimes only once a week. He says he can tend his farm, buy all his necessaries, and clear $100 every year on his vegetables.

### Programme of Moravian S. S. Celebration on Saturday, Oct. 3rd.

At 10 o'clock, first Bell will ring, and Schools must proceed to points assigned, as below.

At 10½ the second Bell will ring, and Schools will march into the *Square*, whilst the Band plays. Spectators must remain outside of the *Square*, until Scholars are all seated.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

NORTH WEST CORNER.

1. Elm Street, S. S., Crosland's corner.
2. Old Town, " " Boys' S. House corner.
3. Bethania, " " " " " "

NORTH EAST GATE.

1. East Salem S. S., From Church.
2. Providence," " Clewell's corner.
3. Hope, " " " "

CENTRAL GATE, EAST.

Salem Home Sunday School.

SOUTH EAST GATE.

1. New Philadelphia, S. S., Front Sister's H.
2. Bluff, " " " " "
3. Macedonia " " " " "
4. Olivet, " " " " "

SOUTH WEST GATE.

1. Friedberg, Vogler corner.
2. Kernersville, " "
3. Eden, " "
4. Friedland, " "

## LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

—Turnips have improved their appearance since the rain.

—The third Sunday in October will be Communion meeting at Hopewell.

—William Yokely, the horse trader, has taken in a new boarder. It is a girl.

—We are told that much tobacco in Guilford county is so late that it cannot ripen before frost.

—Mike Bodenhamer has a toad in his yard, which has but three legs. Two before and one behind.

—The late beautiful rain started farmers to plowing again. Many had not finished turning stubble.

—Richard Beeson killed a veal last Friday that weighed 76 pounds. Its hide weighed 14 pounds. It was 7 weeks old.

—Morris & Sexton of lower Davidson sold a drove of beeves at Wm. Yokeley's a few days ago. Fat beeves are a little scarce, and they sell for fair prices.

—A young man from Company Shops, named Olive, while stopping at Groseclose Sink's, in Davidson county, went to Salem one day, and while gone he lost a pocket book containing $27.10. We have not heard whether he ever found it.

—One man says that he believes many persons make a mistake by building their tobacco barns too large. He says a large barn cannot be heated as regularly as a small one. He thinks 16 feet square, and 5 tiers high is a good size.

—Wm. Paine, of Davidson county, keeps a flock of goats, and he says they answer a good purpose in killing out briers and sassafras bushes, but they are destructive on young fruit trees.

—We saw one woman who says that when her sweet potatoes commence rotting, she cut them in thin slices, boils and dries them, and in this way she can take care of them for winter use. It is only necessary to soak them awhile to put them in good condition when needed for pies.

—Mrs. Chloe Stewart who is nearly one hundred years old, kindles a fire in her fireplace every evening, winter and summer. She says it keeps the air in the house pure and healthy. She has done this ever since she commenced keeping house, and we are told that the fire in her fireplace has not died out in over 70 years.

—Madison Stewart and Richard Beeson are putting up a molassses mill, and will make their own molasses this year. They think the toll which they would have to give to have their cane worked, will be sufficient to pay for their mill the first year. They can then be ready to take care of their cane without much expense in the future.

—A Guilford man intends to cure the tobacco, grown on forty acres of land, in one barn. He does it by stripping the leaves off of the stalks, stringing tkem on wire, and hanging in his barn. He says by this plan, he can put much more in a barn, that it cures much quicker, and that when it is cured there is no trouble in preparing it for market.

—In most meadows there has been a great amount of broom sedge this fall. Hay is not generally so good on account of this. The main cause of it is, that meadows are becoming a little too dry. If the sand be prevented from washing into the channels, there is danger of doing too much ditching. Stop the sand, and remove the obstruction from the channels and they will take care of themselves.

—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports the amount of distilled spirits gone into consumption in the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1885, as 69,156,902 gallons, and the amount of malt liquors on which tax was paid during the same period, 19,185,953 barrels. The amount of wine consumed in this country during the year 1884 is estimated at 20,508,345 gallons.

## SURRY COUNTY.

From the Mt. Airy News.

—Mr. Siceloff, of Davidson county, has arrived and taken charge of his property—the Sparger saw and grist mill—and is prepared to serve all desiring good bread and lumber. Mr. Siceloff informs us that he will put up a steam saw mill near his property shortly. Some of his machinery has already arrived.

—The Woman's Missionary Society will meet the first Friday in Oct. at 3:30 P. M., at Mrs. L. W. Ashby's. A full attendance is especially desired as it is the time for the annual election of officers. The Conference Society meets in Raleigh, Oct. 22nd, and as we wish to remit the dues that are yet unpaid, those who gave their names as members and have not yet paid up will please try to attend the next meeting or send the amount. MRS. M. H. MOORE, Cor. Sec. W. M. S.

## HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

—A daughter of Andrew Tharp, of Statesville, aged ten years, was burned to death last week by an explosion of kerosene which she was pouring into a stove. Such accidents have of late been rather more frequent than usual.

—Greensboro *Workman* says: A most painful affair occurred at Hillsboro on Thursday last. Mrs. Lander Fowler came to her death from the explosion of a kerosene canwhich she was using in lighting the fire in a stove. She lived only two hours from the time of the accident.

—Raleigh *Visitor:* A dispatch was received announcing the death of Col. Joseph Saunders which took place in Pitt county. Col. Saunders was a brother of Col. W. L. Saunders, Secretary of State. The deceased was a gentleman highly esteemed for his many qualities, and was a man of fine business tact. He had charge of the large estate of the late Wm. Grimes.

STATE FAIR.—Last week was a busy week with the Secretary of the Fair. The entries, applications for space, &c., are beginning to come in quite rapidly. One gentleman engaged fourteen pens for blooded cattle, and several entries for horses and poultry were made. Space was engaged by J. J. Wolfenden, of New Berne, for an exhibit of agricultural chemicals, by William B. Reed, of Chambersburg, Pa., the great nurserymen and florist, who expects to make one of the finest exhibits ever seen at the fairs. A number of other entries of less importance were made.—*News-Observer.*

—Bethlehem, (Pa.,) *Times:* The most attractive and interesting display on the grounds of the Berks County Fair was the North Carolina exhibit in charge of John T. Patrick, Commissioner of Immigration for North Carolina, who with uniform courtesy and untiring energy explained all about North Carolina to the crowds of people, who were glad to hear all they could about the resources of the South. * * * The exhibit left a very favorable impression on everybody who saw it, and one is very much surprised to learn that such a rich State is so destitute of farmers and artisans.

—Asheville *Citizen:* We had the pleasure last Thursday evening of meeting Mr. Murch, the distinguished Greenback ex-member of Congress from Maine, and Mr. Lowry, from Philadelphia. These gentlemen are part of a party of four who come to this section on a very important undertaking. Mr. Murch informs us that the city of Cincinnati has given out contracts to the extent of four million dollars for supplies of dressed granite, a portion of which contract he has taken, and expects to spend a half of a million dollars here. He has been led to this determination by information derived from Prof. Tiernan, the gentleman who established reduction works here a year ago, and who has since industriously investigated the mineral characteristics of a large portion of western North Carolina.

—Statesville *Landmark:* A correspondent informs us that George Taylor and a man by the name of McGarth got into a difficulty at Glen Alpine, Burke county, Monday, when the town marshal, R. H. Lee, in attempting to quiet the disturbance, found it necessary to use his billy on McGarth, striking him three times on the head, from the effects of which McGarth died the next morning. Lee came to Morganton early Tuesday morning and surrendered. —— Apple Jack is having perfect work, J. P. Bradley, Esq., of this township opened court Saturday night and held on until 3 o'clock Sunday morning. He could then proceed no further on account of the fact that one of the witnesses was too drunk to come into court, and court was adjourned until 8 o'clock Sunday morning. At this hour it re-convened and continued all day. During the two sittings 'Squire Bradley disposed of five cases and was called on to bind three parties over to keep the peace. New apple brandy was the occasion of all this business.

## MARRIED.

At the residence of the officiating minister, by Elder Wm. Turner, on the 24th of September, Miss PHEBE STEWART to BRITTON WALSER, all of Davidson.

## DIED.

In Davidson county, Thomasville township, on the 12th day of September, MARY LINDSAY, daughter of Alphens Lindsay, Esq., aged about 16 years.

On Friday last, LEWIS CHITTY, son of Solomon Chitty.

In this place, on the night of the 25th inst., Mrs. CATHERINE BLUM, relict of the late John Nathaniel Blum, aged 76 years.

In this place, on Friday night last, EUGENE STARBUCK EBERT, son of E. A. Ebert, aged about 7 years.

—No doubt remains but that a terrible famine is impending in India. The crops in the Deccan have all failed for want of rain, while in Bengal the crops are ruined by an excess of rain and floods. The country for fifty miles about Calcutta is completely submerged. Nearly all the railways in the province are injured by floods and landslides. Public subscriptions have been opened and in all large towns all possible preparations are being made to provide against the famine, which is now inevitable, and to mitigate its horrors.


## WHEAT.

TO THE FARMERS.

The indications now are that by harvest time, 1886, the entire wheat product of the conntry will have been consumed. Business is reviving all over the country and we are of opinion that there never was a more favorable outlook for good prices for the next crop, however large it may be. To those who contemplate sowing we wish to say that we have a supply of the *Star Brand Wheat Guano* on hand fresh from the factory, dry and in good condition to drill. *Standard guaranteed.* Price has been reduced to 3.25 per bag cash, and 3.75 per bag on time. At these prices you cannot well afford to sow wheat and not use it.

Your friends truly
HINSHAW & BYNUM.
Sept. 23rd, 1885.


## TAX NOTICE.

THIS is to give notice that I will attend, at the following times and places for the purpose of collecting the taxes due Forsyth county for the year 1885:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Clinard's Stand, | Monday, | Oct. 5th. |
| Joseph Beeson's, | Tuesday, | " 6th. |
| Kernersville, | Wednesday | " 7th. |
| Crim's X Roads, | Thursday, | " 8th. |
| Hardin Haizlip's, | Friday, | " 9th. |
| Alson Stewart's. | Saturday, | " 10th. |
| Old Town, | Monday, | " 12th. |
| Lewis Bitting's, | Tuesday, | " 13th. |
| Elijah Reed's, | Wednesday | " 14th. |
| Brookstown, | Thursday, | " 15th. |
| Lewisville, | Friday, | " 16th. |
| Ben Hampton's | Saturday, | " 17th. |
| Salem, Belo House, | Monday, | " 19th. |
| Winston, Court-House, | Tuesday. | " 20th. |

State Tax for General Purposes, 25c. on $100 valuation.
State Tax for School Purposes, 12½c. on $100 valuation.
County Tax, General Purposes, 20c. on $100 valuation.
County Tax, School Purposes, 5c. on $100 valuation.
Poll Tax $1.88. Stock Law Tax 2½c on $100 valuation of Real Estate.

JOHN BOYER, *Sheriff.*

## RICHMOND AND DANVILLE R. R.

N. C. DIVISION.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

| Date, May 81, 1885. | No. 51, Daily. | No. 53, Daily. |
|---|---|---|
| Leave Charlotte, | 4.50 a m | 6.30 p m |
| " Salisbury, | 6.32 a m | 7.50 p m |
| " Lexington, | 7.45 a m | 8.52 p m |
| Arrive Greensboro, | 8.17 a m | 9.18 p m |
| Leave " | 9.35 a m | |
| Arrive Hillsboro, | 11.39 a m | |
| " Durham, | 12.13 p m | |
| " Raleigh, | 1.20 p m | |
| Leave " | 2.28 p m | |
| Arrive Goldsboro, | 4.40 p m | |

No. 15—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Greensboro, 10.00 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 6.00 a m
Arrive at Goldsboro, 11.00 a m

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R., for all points North, East and West of Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. Daily. Nos. 51 and 53 connect at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points on Salem Branch.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

| Date, May 31, 1885. | No. 50, Daily. | No. 52. Daily. |
|---|---|---|
| Leave Goldsboro, | 12.35 p m | |
| Arrive Raleigh, | 3.00 p m | |
| Leave " | 3.00 p m | |
| Arrive Durham, | 6.07 p m | |
| " Hillsboro, | 6.47 p m | |
| " Greensboro, | 9.00 p m | |
| Leave " | 11.21 p m | 9.36 a m |
| Arrive Lexington, | 12.31 p m | 10.40 a m |
| " Salisbury, | 1.05 a m | 11.10 a m |
| " Charlotte, | 2.56 a m | 12.35 p m |

No. 16—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Goldsboro, 7.45 p m
Arrfve at Raleigh, 11.45 p m
Leave Raleigh, 12.35 a m
Arrive at Greensboro, 8.30 a m

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury for all points on W. N. C. R. R., and at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R., for all points South and Southeast and with A. & C. Air-Line for all points South.

## N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 50—Daily.

| | |
|---|---|
| Leave Greensboro, | 11.35 p m |
| Arrive Kernersville, | 12.39 p m |
| " Salem, | 1.17 p m |

No. 52—Daily.

| | |
|---|---|
| Leave Greensboro, | 9.46 a m |
| Arrive Kernersville, | 10.50 a m |
| " Salem, | 11.25 a m |

GOING NORTH.

No. 51—Daily.

| | |
|---|---|
| Leave Salem, | 6.55 p m |
| Arrive Kernersville, | 7.30 p m |
| " Arrive Greensboro, | 8.35 p m |

No. 53—Daily.

| | |
|---|---|
| Leave Salem, | 6.40 a m |
| Arrive Kernersville, | 6.05 a m |
| " Greensboro, | 8.05 a m |

## STATE UNIVERSITY R. R.

GOING NORTH.

No. 1—Daily, except Sunday.

| | |
|---|---|
| Leave Chapel Hill, | 10.25 a m |
| Arrive University, | 11.25 p m |

No. 3—Daily, except Sunday.

| | |
|---|---|
| Leave Chapel Hill, | 5.00 p m |
| Arrive University, | 6.00 p m |

GOING SOUTH.

No. 4—Daily, except Sunday.

| | |
|---|---|
| Leave University, | 6.30 p m |
| Arrive Chapel Hill, | 7.31 p m |

No. 2—Daily, except Sunday.

| | |
|---|---|
| Leave University, | 11.54 a m |
| Arrive Chapel Hill, | 12.54 p m |

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SUGAR, COFFEE, NOTIONS, SYRUP, MEAT, LARD, FISH and FANCY GROCERIES. Also DRUGS and SPICES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE.

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Thanking my friends and customers for their liberal support in past and hope by honest and fair dealings to merit a contiuuance of your esteemed favors, I am

Very Respectfully

**D. S. REID.**

Winston, N. C., Sept. 17th, 1885.

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| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat, | $1 10 to 1 20 |
| Corn, per bushel, | 75 to 00 |
| Oats, " " | 00 to 50 |
| Rye, " " | 00 to 00 |
| Barley, per bushel, | 00 to 00 |
| Flour, per hundred, | 2 75 to 3 25 |
| Peas, (col'd,) per bushel, | 0 00 to 0 90 |
| Peas, (white,) " " | 1 00 to 00 |
| Beans,(col'd,)" " | 00 to 75 |
| Beans,(white)" " | 1 50 to 00 |
| Onion Sets, per bushel, | 0 00 to 00 |
| Pork, | 0 to 7½ |
| Lard, | 8 to 9 |
| Country Meat, (hog round,) | 00 to 00 |
| " Hams, | 00 to 00 |
| Green Apples, per bushel | 0 00 to 0 00 |
| Eggs, | 12 to 00 |
| Butter, per pound, | 15 to 20 |
| Tallow, " " | 6 to 07 |
| Beeswax, " " | 00 to 25 |
| Flax Seed, per bushel, | 90 to 0 00 |
| Potatoes, Irish, per bushel, | 75 to 80 |
| Potatoes, sweet, " " | 00 to 00 |
| Cabbage, per pound, | 4 to 0 05 |
| Chickens, | 15 to 30 |

### Winston TobaccoMarket

| | |
|---|---|
| Lugs Common Green, | 5 00 to 7 00 |
| " Bright, | 7 00 to 8 00 |
| " Good, | 8 00 to 12 00 |
| " Fine, | 18 00 to 20 00 |
| Fillers, Common, | 7 00 to 9 00 |
| " Good, | 8 00 to 12 00 |
| " Fine, | 12 00 to 18 00 |
| Wrappers, Common, | 20 00 to 30 00 |
| " Good, | 35 00 to 40 00 |
| " Fine, | 50 00 to 65 00 |
| " Fancy, | 60 00 to 75 00 |

### Dried Fruit Market.

| | |
|---|---|
| Cherries, pitted, | 8 cents |
| Damson, Plums, | 5 cents |
| Whortleberries, | 7 cents |
| Blackberries, | 6 cents |
| Quarter Apples, | 3 cents |
| Sliced Apples, common, | 4 cents |
| Sliced Apples, bright, | 2 cents |
| Sliced Apples, fancy, | 3 cents |
| Dark Peeled Peaches, | 1 cents |
| Bright " " | 4 to 5 cents |
| Fancy " " | 7 cents |
| Quarter unpeeled, | 3 cents |
| Halves " | 4 cents |


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Milton McNeill and others, against J. P. Gaultney and others. } Petition to sell land for Partition.

To

Wm. Stout and wife Emeline, John Brown and wife Sallie and Bartlett McNeil, Defendants in the above entitled action.

You are hereby required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes County, at his office in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 22nd day of October, 1885, and answer or demur to the complaint of the Plaintiff filed in this action.

This 22nd day of August, 1885. Witness my hand and seal.

I. S. CALL, C. S. C.
John S. Cranor, Attorney for Plaintiff.


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Forsyth County, N. C., Sept. 18, 1883


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# A LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF TOM MARSHALL.

### The Kentuckian Who Moved Crowds with His Eloquence and Made Night Hideous with Orgies.

"Tom" Marshall, of Kentucky, was a marked character in his day and time, but died, like Reverdy Johnson, without leaving, so far as can be ascertained, any record of his career. Mr. Marshall was very fond of narrating his experiences, and if they could be written as they were told and word-painted in his own language they would be, indeed, a veritable setting of colloquial gems, admixed, it is true, with much dross. Tom Marshall's life was fitful and fateful, and, although possessed of talents and accomplishments far beyond the average of very great men, his fault consisted in lack of ability to put them to good advantage.

It was in the fall of 1859, after the Indian summer of the Northwest had passed and gone, and the air had become sharp and chilly, when Tom Marshall made his appearance at St. Paul, Minn. He was unseasonably, indeed, wretchedly, clad, presenting every indication of straitened circumstances, but the good people of that city, nevertheless, made him welcome, and expressed satisfaction with his announcement that he intended to lecture upon the lives and characters of George Washington and Henry Clay. The writer made his acquaintance at that period, and, in common with his colleagues of the press and the citizens generally, busied himself to induce appreciative audiences to listen to his addresses.

Although unkempt, unshaven and untidy, bearing the appearance of a man with whom fortune had dealt neither gently nor generously, Tom Marshall held himself proudly. Straight as an arrow, he strode through the streets buttoned to the chin in a drab d'ete coat, leaving to impertinent conjecture the presence or absence of a shirt, yet, nevertheless, the very incarnation of dignity and assumed superiority. The St. Paul people, with their accustomed hospitality, fraternized with him in traditional Western fashion, and as a consequence the bowl flowed freely to the music of Mr. Marshall's superior conversational attractions. Within a brief period everybody came to know him, and as there were many noted characters resident at St. Paul at that particular period the flints of their association came together and many Promethean sparks were thereby struck and scintillated.

When the evening arrived for the delivery of his lecture upon George Washington, Mr. Marshall appeared sadly under the influence of "the rosy." Nothing abashed, however, he orated upon the life, character and services of the Pater Patriæ in glowing periods and ornate rhapsodies, but interspersed with occasional commonplaces which grievously marred the effect of an eloquence almost divine. His succeeding address upon Henry Clay was a repetition of the previous lecture in all its beauties of conception on the one hand and attendant coarsenesses on the other, and the audiences naturally became indignant, if not disgusted. Having reaped a plenteous harvest of dollars, the proceeds of his lectures, he forthwith proceeded to roam the town night and day, in a continuous orgie.

Meeting him in the street one day he stated he had just learned a lesson in politeness. He had met an Indian, he said, clad in all the gorgeous array of paint, feathers, trinkets and blanket. Struck with the apparent majesty of the Indian's presence, his hand involuntarily sought his pocket and drew forth a silver half-dollar, which he proffered as a token of peace and admiration. The aboriginal took the coin, silently bowed his thanks, and with the combined dignity of Scipio and Juguratha, strode away. "It was the most magnificent specimen of untutored courtliness and native grace I ever saw," quoth Mr. Marshall. He was much disturbed, however, when informed that Indians were great beggars, and their cupidity knew no bounds.

One cold, stormy evening Marshall put in an appearance at the Winslow house, evidently suffering the effects of a protracted debauch. He was the very personification of wretchedness and suffering, and approaching the stove, then sending forth its grateful heat, he held his benumbed, skinny hands over it, shivering to the very marrow. All he said was "Poor Tom's acold!" and the guests seated in the foyer gazed upon the modern King Lear with eyes of distressful sympathy. In a few minutes he thawed out sufficiently to peer about in a quaint, inquisitive manner, when observing a group of persons seated near by, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I do not intend to be offensive, but may I be hanged if I ever in my life saw so many hook-nosed men together at one time!" Involuntarily the guests took each other's dimensions, and sure enough it happened that all of their noses were of pronounced Roman architecture.

Tom Marshall happily broke the significant silence by loudly exclaiming: "Landlord, what time do you have supper?" "Supper at 7," laconically replied the host, the clock pointing to a quarter to 7. A dead silence fell on all around, which, as the clock struck 7, was interrupted by Mr. Marshall, who, thrusting his hand into his pocket, extracted a set of false teeth, and snapping them viciously into his mouth, shouted: "Now bring on your supper and be hanged to you!"

How Tom Marshall managed to get away from St. Paul nobody ever knew, but the next time the writer met him was at Nashville, Tenn., during the spring of 1864, after the defeat of Hood's forces by General George H. Thomas. He was in like condition as when at St. Paul, bearing marked traces of dissipation and in distressed circumstances. He was again befriended, and the theatre engaged for him to deliver a lecture upon Charlemagne. The house was filled from pit to dome at $1 a head, and, to the surprise of everybody, he was duly sober. He opened his discourse upon the French soldier-monarch by paying glowing tributes to his virtues, and quoted his dying adjuration to his son Louis, "Love your people as your children; choose your magistrates and governors from those whose belief in God will preserve them from corruption, and see that your own life be blameless." At this juncture he drew a comparison with Napoleon Bonaparte, and thereafter the lecture was devoted to the Bonaparte family, to the utter exclusion of Charlemagne, whose name was heard no more.

Re-enforced with several hundred dollars, he abandoned the lecture field and returned to the wine cup. His next appearance was at a meeting of New England men celebrating Forefathers' Day at Nashville, upon whom he obtruded his unwelcome and inebriated presence. He refused to retire, and proceeded in language more forcible than polite to denounce the Pilgrim Fathers, Plymouth rock and all that thereunto appertained. "You infernal idiots," he exclaimed, "you know nothing of the history of your country. Celebrating Forefathers' Day, are you? The fathers left England in order that they might worship God in their own way and make everybody else worship as they did. What about your blue laws, your Salem witches and persecution of the Quakers? What about Roger Williams, whom the Puritan fathers banished, and who sought freedom of conscience elsewhere?" He was finally brought to bay by a policeman and lodged in the calaboose.

Returning to his home in Kentucky shortly after this episode, he died near Versailles, Woodford county, September 22, 1864, aged sixty-four years.—*Chicago News.*

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

Banana beer is drunk by the natives of Equatorial Africa as a preventive of fever.

Professor Huxley's idea of a well proportioned man is one weighing 154 pounds, three pounds of which are brains.

In olden times it was the fashion of persons of distinction when visiting to be accompanied by a trumpeter, who announced their approach by a flourish of his trumpet.

There is a school at Sweetwood (Ga.), a remarkable peculiarity of which is that of seventy-one pupils each and every one is related to the teacher and to each other. Only one of the scholars is over fifteen years of age.

A forest tree in Georgia was recently cut down at six o'clock in the morning, made into pulp at a factory, and into paper at six o'clock in the evening, and at six o'clock next morning was distributed as a printed newspaper.

Slavery was abolished throughout the British colonies in 1863, at an immediate cost to the nation of £20,000,000 ($100,000,000), paid to the planters, and an estimated loss to the latter of £40,000,000 ($200,000,000), in the value of the slaves and the depreciated price of the lands.

Placer county (Cal.) boasts of the only bearing red-date palms in the United States. A paper published there says the tree is a native of China, and the fruit is highly prized by the Chinese. They call the fruit "hung choy." The imported article sells there at from thirty-five to fifty cents per pound.

The strangest classical snake story (with the exception of the Laocoon myth) comes from Numidia, in Northern Africa, where, according to Valerius Maximus, a whole Roman army was kept at bay on a ford of the Bagrada by a monster serpent that killed fourteen men who had attacked it with their broadswords, but which was at last crushed by a well-aimed stone shot from a ballista, used in the siege of fortified towns.

By exhaustive investigation the German Anthropological Society has found that rather more than one fourth of the school children of Central Europe are pure blondes, and about one sixth are brunettes, more than one-half being of the mixed type. In Germany 31.80 per cent. of the children are fair, and 15.05 per cent. are dark. In Austria the dark predominate, being 23.17 per cent., while the fair amount only to 19.79. In Switzerland the blondes are only 11.10 per cent., while the brunettes are 25.50; and in Belgium the blondes are 27.50 per cent. The proportion of dark children in Germany increases rapidly toward the South, and that of light children toward the North.

### Fables Worth Reading.

DISCONTENT.—A pessimistic fox hunting a chicken found a turkey, and was so dissatisfied by nature that he complained because he did not get what he sought.

ACCOMMODATION.—A fish swimming up stream asked the river to turn and go with it. The river replied, "if we must go together it would be better for you, the smaller, to turn and swim with me."

ADJUSTMENT.—A rat, gnawing a hole, complained that while there were so many holes in the world there were none where he wanted one. "You have the choice," was the reply, "to go where there is a hole, or to make one where you want it."

ADVANTAGES.—An owl with his eyes wide open met a crow who said, "go into the light, and you need not strain your eyes so large in order to see."

INUTILITY.—A dog catching his tail, said, "what many have attempted in vain I have accomplished, and the worthlessness of the possession shows the folly of the pursuit."

CONSIDERATION.—A dog being asked why he wagged his tail, replied, "why should I keep it still? there need be no more reason for a wag than a still tail."

BLACK-MAIL.—A nightingale and a tom-cat started on a concert tour. The nightingale was well paid for singing; but the cat got just as much by consenting not to sing. "Blackmail," said Tom, "earns as much as the legitimate profession."

PRACTICALNESS.—A buzzard, flying over a beautiful landscape, spied a carrion, whereat he was reproached for his lack of taste. "Cannot the useful," he replied, "be found in the beautiful?"

PANIC.—A runaway horse being asked where he was going, replied, "I am not going anywhere, but going for lack of knowing where to go."

SPECULATION.—A fisherman having upset his boat and fallen with his fish into the water, the latter said as they swam away, "your ill-luck is our fortune."

INTER-ADJUSTMENT.—The mice finding too much competition in the day retired to the night to hunt. The owls did likewise, and it was new chances met by new dangers.—*Austin Bierbower.*

### A Quail With Human Instincts.

Mr. John H. Osborn, of Belleville, N. J., in December, 1883, obtained seventy-five quail from Tennessee for the purpose of stocking the farm adjacent to his home. Mr. Frank Crampton, a neighbor of Mr. Osborn's, agreed to take care of the birds until the following spring. When the time came for distributing the birds Crampton expressed a wish to try the experiment of breeding them while in confinement, and built in his yard, near his house, a large wire cage, leaving the ground bare. He selected two pairs, and they mated. That spring one of the birds built a nest and laid thirteen eggs, and was about setting on them when, in consequence of the breaking of a water leader, the nest was destroyed. The eggs were then taken and put under a bantam and hatched out. That summer the hen quail died. Last summer one of the cock birds died.

This spring the remaining pair, being a cross, mated, and the hen bird built a nest and laid thirteen eggs. During the first week of her sitting upon them she was taken sick, and after moping for two or three days died. While she was sick, and after her death, the cock bird manifested some very remarkable characteristics. He seemed greatly distressed. The hen bird had died on her nest. The cock bird would run to her and caress her and then turn away and call her. He made queer chirpings and sounds such as he had never been heard to utter before. At last he seemed to realize that his mate was dead. He then went and pulled her off the nest and dragged her body over to the corner of the cage with backward movements of his feet. There he dug a hole and covered her up with earth, leaving only the long wing feathers on one wing exposed.

This done, without uttering any further sounds, he returned to the nest and sat on the eggs, and he eventually succeeded in bringing out a brood of ten young quail. The young birds are now alive.

The story of the burial is vouched for by a large number of witnesses.

### A Distant View.

It is proposed to cut away a few trees from the hill tops so as to afford a vista through which a pilgrim pausing by the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon can see his monument fifteen miles distant. The idea is a poetic and beautiful one. Its appropriateness will make everybody wonder why it was not done sooner, and will insure its early execution. It is said that more than 100 feet of the shaft could then be seen from the Mount Vernon mansion door, and nearly 300 feet from its cupola.—*Washington Critic.*

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Insect Pests.

Somebody says, "Sassafras twigs will destroy weevil and all grain insects." It is most likely that somebody tried this and was not troubled with the weevil, just as the good old farmer knew that salt on the back of a horse suffering with colic was certain cure, as he had often tried it and the horse thus doctored always got well. Sassafras is a favorite shrub with many plant eating insects, and that it would kill weevil is exceedingly doubtful. There can be no doubt that bisulphide of carbon is the cheapest and most efficient remedy in such cases.

We have made a thorough trial of ice water for the cabbage worm, with no show of benefit. We even put the caterpillars in the ice water for two minutes, after which they continued to eat, pupated, and came forth as butterflies. I think the only argument in favor of this ice water remedy is that it may be very grateful to the caterpillars on hot days. Neither pyrethrum, nor soap and kerosene will destroy the jumping little flea beetle which feed on young cabbage, cucumber, turnip, radish and other plants, and are often so bad as to cause serious damage. It is impossible to get these substances on the insects, but if Paris green or London purple, one tablespoonful to two gallons of water, is sprayed on the leaves, the lively pests will eat the poison and be killed by it.

"Place vessels of water, sweetened with molasses and flavored with a little vinegar, in the apple trees, and codling moths will fairly rush into the liquid," the public has been told again this season. I have tried that trap over and over, also the other common remedy, sour milk, varying the mixture in hopes to make the substance enticing, and yet I have never captured by these means a single insect of this species, but I caught hundreds of nocturnal moths.

It is said that spraying a solution of one pound of sulphur and four pounds of lime in a barrel of water kills thrip on grapevines. The kerosene and soap emulsion, also pyrethrum and water, will do the same. To apply such liquids to these jumping insects, that spring away at the least disturbance, a force-pump and a cyclone nozzle are admirable. With these the spray can be thrown ahead of the person applying it and nearly every insect reached.—*Professor Cook.*

### Farm and Garden Notes.

Successful asparagus-growers on Long Island plant the roots four feet apart each way.

A wash with carbonic soap frequently applied is advised as saving annoyances to horses from flies.

By making a well at the intersection of four fields all of them can be supplied with water at the same time.

It is economy to use for mulching some material that can be dug with the ground after it has served that purpose.

A Fayette county, Mo., farmer has always averaged twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre by sowing one bushel of salt to the acre.

A correspondent in an exchange claims that dipping the tin-end of nails in lard insures there being driven without difficulty into hard-seasoned timber.

The craving for salt by animals is not a result of feeding under the care of man. While this country was a la forest every salt spring was frequented by deer.

It is stated by several who have tried it that a handful of salt in the hill for squashes will save them from the maggot which works at the roots and destroys the plant.

When you try an experiment, be thorough and do not jump at conclusions. Observe the weather and the condition of the soil. Unnoticed items often change the result.

A farmer's wife says that three tablespoonfuls of ground Java coffee given to a sow in a mess will cure fours, and a less quantity given to a calf or pig will never fail to accomplish the desired result.

Put Paris green on the potatoes as soon as they come up. The beetles eat a little while after they come out of the ground before they deposit their eggs, and if they are killed then it will prevent such a rapid increase.

A tablespoonful of saltpeter just after dropping her calf is good for a cow, to prevent parturient fever or swelling of the bag. This is the remedy prescribed by an old farmer, who has used it thirty years with unvarying success.

It has been found that rubbing tar and paraffine, or other equally strong smelling substance, along the spine of grazing cattle will keep off flies, and the beasts will feed in peace, while others not so treated will be seen racing madly over the same field.

The best way to apply salt to paths to destroy weeds is as follows: Dissolve the salt in water, one pound to one gallon, and apply the mixture with a watering-pot that has a spreading nose. This will keep weeds and worms away for two or three years. Put one pound to the square yard the first year; afterward a weaker solution may be applied when required.

Unless sheep run in an orchard, which is best, some shelter should be provided for them during the extreme heat. In an orchard their droppings will mainly be found under the best apple trees, where they will do more good than anywhere else. If they are salted on tar they will tar their noses, and thus prevent injury from the fly which lays the egg that makes the maggot in the head.

One of the advantages of late planting of potatoes is that something may be done to the crop after harvest. If planted so early that all the hilling up has to be done before harvest, the field is sure to become very weedy, and the crop will be materially decreased. This is more especially true of the large-growing, late varieties, which, even when planted early, will hardly be ready to dig before frost kills the vines.

Lampblack mixed with strong vinegar will mark sheep so that the name can be read for a year, but will not injure the wool, as is often done when sheep are marked with tar or paint. The English practice was to slit or notch the ears, a mark requiring a quick eye to detect in a flock, but which once made lasted a lifetime. By changing the places on the ear, using one or both, and varying the shape of the cut, a great number of marks can be made to identify the property of different owners.

The rapid growth of barley, and the dense shade which its broad leaves make over the ground, is an effectual check on the growth of most weeds. If to be sown with wheat after the barley is off there is an interval of six or more weeks, during which millions of annual weeds may be destroyed on an acre. If the growth of Canada thistles is entirely prevented after the first of August, as it may be where barley stubble is plowed early, this pestilent weed may be made harmless, at least for the following season.

The plan of keeping cows continuously in milk without allowing them to have a calf is practicably, but not to be generally commended. There is not only a decrease in yield in cows so kept, but the milk is less digestible. It is nearly or quite as much labor to milk a farrow cow as one giving a fresh flow of milk. The cow, if well fed, may be milked until six or eight weeks of the time for calving, or even up to it if necessary, but it is better to allow several weeks for the cow to get into condition for producing a large flow of milk when she calves.

Objections have been made to rye as containing ergot, which is injurious, but all grains and grasses are equally unfortunate in that respect. The difficulty is due more to improper management than to any injurious substance contained in the crop. When stock have been deprived of roots or ensilage, and confined to a dry diet, they are liable to eat too much green rye when turned upon it too early. By allowing the stock but a short period upon the rye field in the beginning, and gradually extending the time daily, but little injury will be done, but if the stock receives no care, and the rye field is given up to the animals, the results will be diarrhœa and debility.

### Household Hints and Recipes.

Tomatoes are nice with cream and sugar.

Sugar loses part of its strength by boiling.

Never wash raisins; wipe them with a dry cloth.

Wet and flour well the inside of pudding bags.

Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauce.

For convenience in cleaning lamp chimneys, nothing is nicer than a small sponge attached to the end of a stick.

Professor Cook, of New Jersey, says: "For ridding the house of flies we have found pyrethrum very excellent."

To make corn fritters, grate twelve ears of corn, scraping the ears with a silver knife so that all the milk may be removed. Mix the pulp with three eggs and one teacupful of flour. Fry in hot drippings.

A good addition to fried eggs: When they are taken up from the pan slide them on a hot dish; add a tablespoonful of butter and two of vinegar to the browned butter in the pan, boil it together for two minutes, pour over the eggs and serve.

The elasticity of cane-chair botttoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in the air, after which they will become as tight and firm as new, if none of the canes are broken.

Javelle water, often met with in works and articles on cleaning and dying, is made of one gallon of water and four pounds of ordinary washing soda; boil for five or ten minutes, then add one pound of chloride of lime. Let cool, and keep corked in a stonevare jar or air-tight vessel.

One tablespoonful of ground brown mustard seed, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of luke-warm water, will make a very efficient plaster. Lay this between well-worn muslin and fold the edges, that the linen of the bed or person may not be soiled. A little molasses will prevent blistering.

Porcelain fruit knives are among the novelties. The blades are white and semi-transparent, and the handles are in different colors. These knives are really the revival of an old style. They are beautiful, and possess at least one advantage over silver, inasmuch as they may be kept clean without so much trouble. But it is not advisable to drop them upon the floor.

It may not be generally known, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, that cucumbers prepared in the following manner are more palatable and far more wholesome than if prepared in the ordinary way. Slice the cucumbers thin, sprinkle thickly with salt, let stand at least half an hour, then press and drain thoroughly. Pour over them thick, sour cream, in which you have put a tablespoonful or two of vinegar, according to the quantity of cream used.

### Two Great Running Horses.

Among the hundreds of fine places in Woodford county, Ky., there are none which show up to better advantage than the old Harper home, and there is certainly no spread of horseflesh to be found anywhere upon the face of the earth that will equal what is to be seen there. It is not a large one, but makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity. Here are to be seen the finest representatives of two of the most remarkable sires that have ever figured in turf history—Longfellow, the son of imp. Leamington, and Ten Broeck, the son of imp. Phaeton. Longfellow is a great big horse, standing fully seventeen hands high, with a long, well shaped neck, beautiful head, deep chest, light flank, with an unusual length between the hip and shoulder, and presents, as a whole, a most remarkable combination of bone, sinew and muscle.

As you look at him you cannot but think that the correct name was selected for him. Indeed, I have heard that the great poet once took occasion to thank old John Harper for the compliment he had paid him in naming this horse for him. The old man took the matter quietly (he was not much in literary affairs), and remarked to a friend that he had never heard of the gentleman before, but had named the colt Longfellow because he was a long fellow. Leamington, the sire of Longfellow, was a horse of fair performance upon the English turf, but was not considered a success whilst in the stud there. When introduced in America he proved to be a phenomenal sire, getting a long list of progeny, and sending Parole and Iroquois back to his native land to show his old friends what he could do in the land of liberty, Iroquois capturing the Derby and St. Leger, and Parole taking in several less events. Nearly all his get were winners of more or less celebrity.

I feel the lack of horse education and the consequent poverty of descriptive phraseology as I approach Longfellow's stable companion, the great son of Phaeton. Ten Broeck is a blood bay, sixteen and a half hands high, with a small star in his forehead, and may be taken as a model of perfection in all that a thoroughbred horse should be. He is coupled much shorter than Longfellow, which adds much to the beauty of his symmetry. He is a rare combination of muscular development, with very broad hocks, long, firm set whirlbones, immense chest, broad hips and the most symmetrical set of legs I ever saw under a horse. In standing in his rear the muscles above his hocks, which give the driving power, appear so unusually large they convey the impression of being a deformity. He could be shown anywhere, without telling his name or lineage, and would never fail to attract an audience. As the groom led him from his stall for exhibition to several visitors, he seemed to be conscious of what they had come for, and willing to gratify their curiosity. In disposition he is perfectly kind. A stranger could go into his stall, bridle and lead him forth without the least danger. He is the most remarkable horse of which the world has any record. There have been other horses that have made themselves great names by their performances upon the turf, but they have nearly all done so by some display of special merit. One will develop as a great mile horse, another will show his quality at two, three or four miles. The exceptional time made at the different distances has never been adorned with the name of the same horse more than once. It remained for Ten Broeck to contribute both time and distance, by obliterating all records of either. He made the fastest mile ever run, moved up a peg, and set the standard for two miles, repeated the performance at three miles, and without apparent effort added the crowning triumph to his list of victories—beating the unparalleled time of Lexington at four miles just four seconds.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

London dealers in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of 32,000 hummingbirds, and one of them at one time received 30,000 aquatic birds and 300,000 wings.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

## AROUND GRANT'S GRAVE

### HISTORY'S TRIBUTES TO RIVERSIDE PARK.

#### The Memories of Distinguished Men and Prominent Events Which Cluster About the Spot.

The natural beauty of Riverside Park was realized by comparatively few persons before its selection as the resting-place of General Grant. Still fewer persons are aware of the remarkable historical associations of the place. In recent years this strikingly beautiful portion of Manhattan Island has been almost unknown to other than those who live in its immediate vicinity. Now it is suddenly made the Mecca of American pilgrimage, and its partly forgotten history is being recalled little by little. Its history is of extraordinary interest.

Prior to 1866 the whole region above Seventy-second street, where the lower end of the park commences, was chiefly occupied by squatters and country seats. The farms and estates of the Morgans, Harsons, Zibrowskis, Motts, Strykers, Glendennings, Anthorpes, and Hamiltons were the most noted of the latter, and attached to each of these estates were fine old deer parks, gardens and orchards. The rural beauty of the place was then enhanced by no artificial embellishments, but the remarkable development of its natural attractions compensated in a degree for this, and made it not only a place of residence for the wealthy, but a general resort of the blue blooded of the metropolis. As far back as 1777 this portion of Manhattan Island was the Newport of New York.

The estate of DeLancy, which stood at about Eighty-seventh street and Riverside drive, was then one of the finest in the section, but on a cold night in November it was burned to the ground by a party of Americans, who descended the river at midnight and surprised the British guard stationed at Bloomingdale landing. Mrs. DeLancy, it is said, to escape being captured, sheltered herself during the cold night in a dog kennel, with nothing but her night clothes on. The rest of the household fled to a swamp near by, where they concealed themselves until morning, when they escaped to a friend's house. Near Seventy-fifth street stands the country seat of Fernando Wood, where the Prince of Wales was royally entertained when in this country in 1870.

On Eighty-fourth street, east of the Boulevard, is the tumble-down building in which

"Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,"

Edgar Allan Poe is said to have composed the immortal "Raven." On the same street by the Boulevard is the gnarled old trunk of a willow tree which well deserves a place in history. In 1836 this gigantic trunk was a small branch attached to a willow tree that drooped over the solitary grave of Napoleon Bonaparte on the island of St. Helena. The gentleman on whose estate it now stands secured it in that year and brought it to this country as a memento of the great hero of modern Europe. It now waves its branches but a short distance from the tomb of a greater hero.

Further north is the Apthorpe mansion, now known as Elm park, where Washington made his headquarters just previous to his evacuation of the city. Lord Howe and his brother, Sir Henry Clinton, and Lord Cornwallis also used it for the same purpose during the autumn that their armies occupied the city. Near the same building, in Eighty-eighth street, still exists a small square structure built of rough stone which Washington used as a powder house. It is now occupied by a small family and is inclosed by a rude picket fence. On what is now the drive the country seat of Dr. Charlton, a surgeon to the court of George III., stood, and the grand old mansion of Judge Brockholst Livingston, which was built in the early part of the present century. Near by is the old Somerindyke house, where Louis Philippe once lived. In 1793, after a series of unsuccessful battles, this young French king was doomed to exile from his own country for a period of twenty-one years. He first passed into Switzerland, where he remained for several years, and then after stopping in other European countries, he made his way to the United States. While here he made the Somerindyke house his home, and left behind him many interesting memories. He taught school there for a while. He then returned to England, and died in 1850.

Near the Somerindyke house, at about 120th street, is the only other grave beside General Grant's in the park. It is that of a little child whose monument bears this simple inscription: "St. Clare Pollock. Here lies the body of an amiable child, departed this life in 1792." Unlike the dead hero, she is unknown to fame save what this short sentence inscribed on her monument reveals. A short distance from this grave is the site of a mansion in which Prince Talleyrand, the illustrious French statesman, lived for a while. The Claremont itself, which is situated right near the tomb, was occupied at one time by Viscount Courtney, "Copenhagen Jackson," the British minister, and at another time by Joseph Bonaparte, brother to the emperor and ex-king of Spain. He, too, was an exile from his own country and that over which he ruled. He came here to seek that peace which he could not find in Europe, and strangely enough he made the Claremont his abiding place. Thus the building is associated with the interesting memories of three great generals, and 1 other distinguished foreigners, whose romantic histories are indelibly connected with that region.

What is now Riverside park was then a newly cleared wilderness, and the old Bloomingdale road the only substitute for streets and avenues. The hills sloped gently down to the water's edge, with no abrupt declivity facing upon a noisy, dusty railroad between. Grand old forest trees towered high in the background and formed a dense swamp running through the center of the island and encircled within its bosom a marshy, placid lake of water. Through this dense swamp and thinly settled district ranged both large and small game. Hunting formed one of the principal attractions of the place, and the distinguished foreigners while making their brief sojourn here availed themselves of the opportunity to gratify their hereditary love for the chase which William the Conqueror had taught them.

It was not until the year 1866 that the idea of converting the strip of land bordering on the river into a park was first fully conceived, and it was ten years afterward before the idea was carried into effect.—*New York Times.*

### "Kan-tuck-ee."

Through the midst of the famed blue grass region one of the tributary rivers of which we have spoken had cut its channel deep in the rocky bed over which it flowed and left the cliffs towering in perpendicular lines 400 feet above. On either side, amid the undulating pastures of wild clover, blue grass and cane, game most abounded, and here lay the favorite and most frequented hunting grounds of the red men. The Indians called this river, which meandered through the wild Eden of their sports and adventures, by the weird name "Kan-tuck-ee," so expressive of its traditional memories, and from this poetic title the white man borrowed and gave, both to the river and country, the name —Kentucky.—*Smith's History of Kentucky.*

Remember that it is not he who gives abuse or blows who affronts, but the view we take of these things as insulting; when therefore, any one provokes you, be assured that it is your own opinion that provokes you.


### What the Eyes Indicate.

Black eyes are indicative of passionate ardor in love.

Hasty, irritable persons have frequently eyes of a brownish tint, inclined to a greenish hue.

Green eyes, although their praises are often sung in Spanish ballads, show deceit and coquetry.

Very dark blue eyes, with something of the tint of the violet, show great power of affection and purity of mind, but not much intellectuality.

Brown eyes, when not of the yellowish tint, but pure russet brown, show an affectionate disposition; the darker the brown the more ardent and passionate is the power of affection.

The brown eyes which do not appear black are the eyes of sweet, gentle and unselfish natures, without the inconstancy of the light brown or yellow eyes —"golden eyes," as they were called by a lady novelist, and which are very little more to be trusted than the green eyes.

Clear, light blue eyes, with a calm steadfastness in their glance, are indicative of cheerfulness of disposition, of a serene temper and a constant nature. These eyes are peculiar to the Northern nations: one meets them among the Swedes, and also sometimes among the Scotch.

The blue eyes among the rare blondes of the South—that is, in Italy and Spain, have among them eyes in which are some greenish tints: and such eyes, though often called light blue, have none of the qualities of serenity and constancy which belong to the light blue eyes of the North.

Although the purely green eye indicates deceit and coquetry, the propensity to greenish tints in the eyes is a sign of wisdom and courage. Very choleric persons, if they have blue eyes, have also certain tints of green in them, and when under the influence of anger a sudden red light appears in them.

In England — where there are more varieties of tints in eyes than in any other country—the poets have almost always gray eyes. A biographer of Byron speaks of his "beautiful changeful gray eyes." Shakespeare also had, we are told, gray eyes; Coleridge, eyes of a greenish gray. Among the artists, too, eyes of this color abound.

The pleasant light blue eye with the honest glance must not be confounded with another sort of eye of a pale blue, almost steel-colored hue, which has a continually shifting sort of motion, both of the eyelids and the pupils of the eye. People with such eyes as these are to be avoided, as they are indicative of a deceitful and selfish nature.

Gray eyes, of a somewhat greenish gray, with orange as well as blue in them, and which are of ever-varying tints like the sea, are those which denote most intellectuality. They are especially indicative of the impulsive, impressionable temperament—a mixture of the sanguine and the bilious—which produces the poetic and artistic natures.

The distinguished U. S. Senator from Indiana, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees certifies that in a case of rheumatism in the back, he obtained instantaneous relief from St. Jacobs Oil. He says it is a remarkable remedy.

The French have more suspension bridges than any other nation on the globe.

SIDE BY SIDE IN THE DRUG STORE stand VINEGAR BITTERS and the health-blasting preparations fired up with bad rum. Take your choice between the *vitol elixir* and the *deadly poisons*. The one cures every disease of the stomach, bowels, liver and nerves, the others aggravate all human ailments. VINEGAR BITTERS strengthens, the others weaken.

The crown jewels in the cathedral at Moscow are said to be worth $12,000,000.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.
The Frazer Axle Grease is the best and, intrinsically, the cheapest. Don't work your horses to death by using poor grease. Try it.


### THE MARKETS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **NEW YORK.** | | | 34 |
| Beef cattle, good to prime tw | 8 | @ | 9¼ |
| Calves, com'n to prime veals | 4¾ | @ | 6¾ |
| Sheep | 3½ | @ | 4¾ |
| Lambs | 4¾ | @ | 6¾ |
| Hogs—Live | 4½ | @ | 5 |
| Dressed, city | 5½ | @ | 6 |
| Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy | 3 85 | @ | 4 60 |
| West. good to choice | 4 00 | @ | 5 40 |
| Wheat—No. 2. Red | 91¼ | @ | 91¾ |
| Rye—State | 71 | @ | 72 |
| Barley—Four-rowed State | — | @ | 85 |
| Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed | 54 | @ | 54½ |
| Oats—White State | 40 | @ | 41 |
| Mixed Western | 33 | @ | 34 |
| Hay—Med. to pr. Timothy | 95 | @ | 1 00 |
| Straw—No. 1, Rye | 75 | @ | 80 |
| Lard—City Steam | 6 45 | @ | 6 90 |
| Butter—State Creamery | 21 | @ | 23 |
| Dairy | 12 | @ | 15 |
| West. Im. Creamery | 13 | @ | 16 |
| Factory | 6 | @ | 13 |
| Cheese—State Factory | 5½ | @ | 7¾ |
| Skims | 4 | @ | 4¾ |
| Western | 4 | @ | 6½ |
| Eggs—State and Penn | 14 | @ | 15 |
| **BUFFALO.** | | | |
| Sheep—Good to Choice | 3 15 | @ | 3 65 |
| Lambs—Western | 4 25 | @ | 5 15 |
| Steers—Western | 5 75 | @ | 5 90 |
| Hogs—Good to Choice Yorks | 4 85 | @ | 5 00 |
| Flour—Cy ground n. process | 5 25 | @ | 6 50 |
| Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth | 1 01¾ | @ | — |
| Corn—No. 2, Mixed New | — | @ | 49¼ |
| Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western | 40 | @ | — |
| Barley—Two-rowed State | — | @ | — |
| **BOSTON.** | | | |
| Beef—Ex. plate and family | 12 00 | @ | 13 00 |
| Hogs—Live | 4½ | @ | 5 |
| Northern Dressed | 5¼ | @ | 5½ |
| Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl | 10 00 | @ | 10 50 |
| Flour—Winter Wheat pat's | 5 50 | @ | 5 75 |
| Corn—High Mixed | 55 | @ | 56¼ |
| Oats—Extra White | 45 | @ | 46 |
| Rye—State | 70 | @ | 73 |
| **WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.** | | | |
| Beef—Extra quality | 6 12½ | @ | 6 50 |
| Sheep—Live weight | 3½ | @ | 4 |
| Lambs | 4¼ | @ | 6¼ |
| Hogs—Northern, d. w | 5 | @ | 5½ |
| **PHILADELPHIA.** | | | |
| Flour—Penn. ex family, good | 4 00 | @ | 4 25 |
| Wheat—No. 2, Red | 90½ | @ | 90¾ |
| Rye—State | — | @ | 75 |
| Corn—State Yellow | 52 | @ | 53 |
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### The Epidemic of Crime.

Whence comes this epidemic of suicides and murders? Recent discussions have named several causes. Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Indiana, charges it to infidel teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depression the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity, a physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while temperance advocates lay the responsibility upon strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have beset many, but the wealthy have also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Well nigh every report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetrator as having "for some time been subject to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognized medical authorities tell us that the fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis. —*Rochester Democrat.*

AMERICANS projected, built and now control the street railroads of Moscow, Russia.


### An Inventor's Advice.

George Stevenson, when advising young men how to get on, would finish by saying: "

# A LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF TOM MARSHALL.

### The Kentuckian Who Moved Crowds with His Eloquence and Made Night Hideous with Orgies.

"Tom" Marshall, of Kentucky, was a marked character in his day and time, but died, like Reverdy Johnson, without leaving, so far as can be ascertained, any record of his career. Mr. Marshall was very fond of narrating his experiences, and if they could be written as they were told and word-painted in his own language they would be, indeed, a veritable setting of colloquial gems, admixed, it is true, with much dross. Tom Marshall's life was fitful and fateful, and, although possessed of talents and accomplishments far beyond the average of very great men, his fault consisted in lack of ability to put them to good advantage.

It was in the fall of 1859, after the Indian summer of the Northwest had passed and gone, and the air had become sharp and chilly, when Tom Marshall made his appearance at St. Paul, Minn. He was unseasonably, indeed, wretchedly, clad, presenting every indication of straitened circumstances, but the good people of that city, nevertheless, made him welcome, and expressed satisfaction with his announcement that he intended to lecture upon the lives and characters of George Washington and Henry Clay. The writer made his acquaintance at that period, and, in common with his colleagues of the press and the citizens generally, busied himself to induce appreciative audiences to listen to his addresses.

Although unkempt, unshaven and untidy, bearing the appearance of a man with whom fortune had dealt neither gently nor generously, Tom Marshall held himself proudly. Straight as an arrow, he strode through the streets buttoned to the chin in a drap d'ete coat, leaving to impertinent conjecture the presence or absence of a shirt, yet, nevertheless, the very incarnation of dignity and assumed superiority. The St. Paul people, with their accustomed hospitality, fraternized with him in traditional Western fashion, and as a consequence the bowl flowed freely to the music of Mr. Marshall's superior conversational attractions. Within a brief period everybody came to know him, and as there were many noted characters resident at St. Paul at that particular period the flints of their association came together and many Promethean sparks were thereby struck and scintillated.

When the evening arrived for the delivery of his lecture upon George Washington, Mr. Marshall appeared sadly under the influence of "the rosy." Nothing abashed, however, he orated upon the life, character and services of the Pater Patriæ in glowing periods and ornate rhapsodies, but interspersed with occasional commonplaces which grievously marred the effect of an eloquence almost divine. His succeeding address upon Henry Clay was a repetition of the previous lecture in all its beauties of conception on the one hand and attendant coarsenesses on the other, and the audiences naturally became indignant, if not disgusted. Having reaped a plenteous harvest of dollars, the proceeds of his lectures, he forthwith proceeded to roam the town night and day, in a continuous orgie.

Meeting him in the street one day he stated he had just learned a lesson in politeness. He had met an Indian, he said, clad in all the gorgeous array of paint, feathers, trinkets and blanket. Struck with the apparent majesty of the Indian's presence, his hand involuntarily sought his pocket and drew forth a silver half-dollar, which he proffered as a token of peace and admiration. The aboriginal took the coin, silently bowed his thanks, and with the combined dignity of Scipio and Jugurtha, strode away. "It was the most magnificient specimen of untutored courtliness and native grace I ever saw," quoth Mr. Marshall. He was much disturbed, however, when informed that Indians were great beggars, and their cupidity knew no bounds.

One cold, stormy evening Marshall put in an appearance at the Winslow house, evidently suffering the effects of a protracted debauch. He was the very personification of wretchedness and suffering, and approaching the stove, then sending forth its grateful heat, he held his benumbed, skinny hands over it, shivering to the very marrow. All he said was "Poor Tom's acold!" and the guests seated in the foyer gazed upon the modern King Lear with eyes of distressful sympathy. In a few minutes he thawed out sufficiently to peer about in a quaint, inquisitive manner, when observing a group of persons seated near by, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I do not intend to be offensive, but may I be hanged if I ever in my life saw so many hook-nosed men together at one time!" Involuntarily the guests took each other's dimensions, and sure enough it happened that all of their noses were of pronounced Roman architecture.

Tom Marshall happily broke the significant silence by loudly exclaiming: "Landlord, what time do you have supper?" "Supper at 7," laconically replied the host, the clock pointing to a quarter to 7. A dead silence fell on all around, which, as the clock struck 7, was interrupted by Mr. Marshall, who, thrusting his hand into his pocket, extracted a set of false teeth, and snapping them viciously into his mouth, shouted: "Now bring on your supper and be hanged to you!"

How Tom Marshall managed to get away from St. Paul nobody ever knew, but the next time the writer met him was at Nashville, Tenn., during the spring of 1864, after the defeat of Hood's forces by General George H. Thomas. He was in like condition as when at St. Paul, bearing marked traces of dissipation and in distressed circumstances. He was again befriended, and the theatre engaged for him to deliver a lecture upon Charlemagne. The house was filled from pit to dome at $1 a head, and, to the surprise of everybody, he was duly sober. He opened his discourse upon the French soldier-monarch by paying glowing tributes to his virtues, and quoted his dying adjuration to his son Louis, "Love your people as your children; choose your magistrates and governors from those whose belief in God will preserve them from corruption, and see that your own life be blameless." At this juncture he drew a comparison with Napoleon Bonaparte, and thereafter the lecture was devoted to the Bonaparte family, to the utter exclusion of Charlemagne, whose name was heard no more.

Re-enforced with several hundred dollars, he abandoned the lecture field and returned to the wine cup. His next appearance was at a meeting of New England men celebrating Forefathers' Day at Nashville, upon whom he obtruded his unwelcome and inebriated presence. He refused to retire, and proceeded in language more forcible than polite to denounce the Pilgrim Fathers, Plymouth rock and all that thereunto appertained. "You internal idiots," he exclaimed, "you know nothing of the history of your country. Celebrating Forefathers' Day, are you? The fathers left England in order that they might worship God in their own way and make everybody else worship as they did. What about your blue laws, your Salem witches and persecution of the Quakers? What about Roger Williams, whom the Puritan fathers banished, and who sought freedom of conscience elsewhere?" He was finally brought to bay by a policeman and lodged in the calaboose.

Returning to his home in Kentucky shortly after this episode, he died near Versailles, Woodford county, September 22, 1864, aged sixty-four years.—*Chicago News.*

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

Banana beer is drunk by the natives of Equatorial Africa as a preventive of fever.

Professor Huxley's idea of a well proportioned man is one weighing 154 pounds, three pounds of which are brains.

In olden times it was the fashion of persons of distinction when visiting to be accompanied by a trumpeter, who announced their approach by a flourish of his trumpet.

There is a school at Sweetwood (Ga.), a remarkable peculiarity of which is that of seventy-one pupils each and every one is related to the teacher and to each other. Only one of the scholars is over fifteen years of age.

A forest tree in Georgia was recently cut down at six o'clock in the morning, made into pulp at a factory, and into paper at six o'clock in the evening, and at six o'clock next morning was distributed as a printed newspaper.

Slavery was abolished throughout the British colonies in 1863, at an immediate cost to the nation of £20,000,000 ($100,000,000), paid to the planters, and an estimated loss to the latter of £40,000,000 ($200,000,000), in the value of the slaves and the depreciated price of the lands.

Placer county (Cal.) boasts of the only bearing red-date palms in the United States. A paper published there says the tree is a native of China, and the fruit is highly prized by the Chinese. They call the fruit "hung choy." The imported article sells there at from thirty-five to fifty cents per pound.

The strangest classical snake story (with the exception of the Laocoon myth) comes from Numidia, in Northern Africa, where, according to Valerius Maximus, a whole Roman army was kept at bay on a ford of the Bagrada by a monster serpent that killed fourteen men who had attacked it with their broadswords, but which was at last crushed by a well-aimed stone shot from a ballista, used in the siege of fortified towns.

By exhaustive investigation the German Anthropological Society has found that rather more than one fourth of the school children of Central Europe are pure blondes, and about one-sixth are brunettes, more than one-half being of the mixed type. In Germany 31.80 per cent. of the children are fair, and 15.05 per cent. are dark. In Austria the dark predominate, being 23.17 per cent., while the fair amount only to 19.79. In Switzerland the blondes are only 11.10 per cent., while the brunettes are 25.70; and in Belgium the blondes are 27.50 per cent. The proportion of dark children in Germany increases rapidly toward the South, and that of light children toward the North.

### Fables Worth Reading.

DISCONTENT.—A pessimistic fox hunting a chicken found a turkey, and was so dissatisfied by nature that he complained because he did not get what he sought.

ACCOMMODATION.—A fish swimming up stream asked the river to turn and go with it. The river replied, "if we must go together it would be better for you, the smaller, to turn and swim with me."

ADJUSTMENT.—A rat, gnawing a hole, complained that while there were so many holes in the world there were none where he wanted one. "You have the choice," was the reply, "to go where there is a hole, or to make one where you want it."

ADVANTAGES.—An owl with his eyes wide open met a crow who said, "go into the light, and you need not strain your eyes so large in order to see."

INUTILITY.—A dog catching his tail, said, "what many have attempted in vain I have accomplished, and the worthlessness of the possession shows the folly of the pursuit."

CONSIDERATION.—A dog being asked why he wagged his tail, replied, "why should I keep it still? there need be no more reason for a wag than a still tail."

BLACK-MAIL.—A nightingale and a tom-cat started on a concert tour. The nightingale was well paid for singing; but the cat got just as much by consenting not to sing. "Blackmail," said Tom, "earns as much as the legitimate profession."

PRACTICALNESS.—A buzzard, flying over a beautiful landscape, spied a carrion, whereat he was reproached for his lack of taste. "Cannot the useful," he replied, "be found in the beautiful?"

PANIC.—A runaway horse being asked where he was going, replied, "I am not going anywhere, but going for lack of knowing where to go."

SPECULATION.—A fisherman having upset his boat and fallen with his fish into the water, the latter said as they swam away, "your ill-luck is our fortune."

INTER-ADJUSTMENT.—The mice finding too much competition in the day retired to the night to hunt. The owls did likewise, and it was new chances met by new dangers.—*Austin Bierbower.*

### A Quail With Human Instincts.

Mr. John H. Osborn, of Belleville, N. J., in December, 1883, obtained seventy-five quail from Tennessee for the purpose of stocking the farm adjacent to his home. Mr. Frank Crampton, a neighbor of Mr. Osborn's, agreed to take care of the birds until the following spring. When the time came for distributing the birds Crampton expressed a wish to try the experiment of breeding them while in confinement, and built in his yard, near his house, a large wire cage, leaving the ground bare. He selected two pairs, and they mated. That spring one of the birds built a nest and laid thirteen eggs, and was about setting on them when, in consequence of the breaking of a water leader, the nest was destroyed. The eggs were then taken and put under a bantam and hatched out. That summer the hen quail died. Last summer one of the cock birds died.

This spring the remaining pair, being a cross, mated, and the hen bird built a nest and laid thirteen eggs. During the first week of her sitting upon them she was taken sick, and after moping for two or three days died. While she was sick, and after her death, the cock bird manifested some very remarkable characteristics. He seemed greatly distressed. The hen bird had died on her nest. The cock bird would run to her and caress her and then turn away and call her. He made queer chirpings and sounds such as he had never been heard to utter before. At last he seemed to realize that his mate was dead. He then went and pulled her off the nest and dragged her body over to the corner of the cage with backward movements of his feet. There he dug a hole and covered her up with earth, leaving only the long wing feathers on one wing exposed.

This done, without uttering any further sounds, he returned to the nest and sat on the eggs, and he eventually succeeded in bringing out a brood of ten young quail. The young birds are now alive.

The story of the burial is vouched for by a large number of witnesses.

### A Distant View.

It is proposed to cut away a few trees from the hill tops so as to afford a vista through which a pilgrim pausing by the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon can see his monument fifteen miles distant. The idea is a poetic and beautiful one. Its appropriateness will make everybody wonder why it was not done sooner, and will insure its early execution. It is said that more than 100 feet of the shaft could then be seen from the Mount Vernon mansion door, and nearly 300 feet from its cupola.—*Washington Critic.*

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Insect Pests.

Somebody says, "Sassafras twigs will destroy weevil and all grain insects." It is most likely that somebody tried this and was not troubled with the weevil, just as the good old farmer knew that salt on the back of a horse suffering with colic was certain cure, as he had often tried it and the horse thus doctored always got well. Sassafras is a favorite shrub with many plant eating insects, and that it would kill weevil is exceedingly doubtful. There can be no doubt that bisulphide of carbon is the cheapest and most efficient remedy in such cases.

We have made a thorough trial of ice water for the cabbage worm, with no show of benefit. We even put the caterpillars in the ice water for two minutes, after which they continued to eat, pupated, and came forth as butterflies. I think the only argument in favor of this ice water remedy is that it may be very grateful to the caterpillars on hot days. Neither pyrethrum, nor soap and kerosene will destroy the jumping little flea beetle which feed on young cabbage, cucumber, turnip, radish and other plants, and are often so bad as to cause serious damage. It is impossible to get these substances on the insects, but if Paris green or London purple, one tablespoonful to two gallons of water, is sprayed on the leaves, the lively pests will eat the poison and be killed by it.

"Place vessels of water, sweetened with molasses and flavored with a little vinegar, in the apple trees, and codling moths will fairly rush into the liquid," the public has been told again this season. I have tried that trap over and over, also the other common remedy, sour milk, varying the mixture in hopes to make the substance enticing, and yet I have never captured by these means a single insect of this species, but I caught hundreds of nocturnal moths.

It is said that spraying a solution of one pound of sulphur and four pounds of lime in a barrel of water kills thrip on grapevines. The kerosene and soap emulsion, also pyrethrum and water, will do the same. To apply such liquids to these jumping insects, that spring away at the least disturbance, a force-pump and a cyclone nozzle are admirable. With these the spray can be thrown ahead of the person applying it and nearly every insect reached.—*Professor Cook.*

### Farm and Garden Notes.

Successful asparagus-growers on Long Island plant the roots four feet apart each way.

A wash with carbonic soap frequently applied is advised as saving annoyances to horses from flies.

By making a well at the intersection of four fields all of them can be supplied with water at the same time.

It is economy to use for mulching some material that can be dug with the ground after it has served that purpose.

A Fayette county, Mo., farmer has always averaged twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre by sowing one bushel of salt to the acre.

A correspondent in an exchange claims that dipping the tin end of nails in lard insures there being driven without difficulty into hard-seasoned timber.

The craving for salt by animals is not a result of feeding under the care of man. While this country was a la forest every salt spring was frequented by deer.

It is stated by several who have tried it that a handful of salt in the hill for squashes will save them from the maggot which works at the roots and destroys the plant.

When you try an experiment, be thorough and do not jump at conclusions. Observe the weather and the condition of the soil. Unnoticed items often change the result.

A farmer's wife says that three tablespoonfuls of ground Java coffee given to a sow in a mess will cure fours, and a less quantity given to a calf or pig will never fail to accomplish the desired result.

Put Paris green on the potatoes as soon as they come up. The beetles eat a little while after they come out of the ground before they deposit their eggs, and if they are killed then it will prevent such a rapid increase.

A tablespoonful of saltpeter just after dropping her calf is good for a cow, to prevent parturient fever or swelling of the bag. This is the remedy prescribed by an old farmer, who has used it thirty years with unvarying success.

It has been found that rubbing tar and paraffine, or other equally strong smelling substance, along the spine of grazing cattle will keep off flies, and the beasts will feed in peace, while others not so treated will be seen racing madly over the same field.

The best way to apply salt to paths to destroy weeds is as follows: Dissolve the salt in water, one pound to one gallon, and apply the mixture with a watering-pot that has a spreading nose. This will keep weeds and worms away for two or three years. Put one pound to the square yard the first year; afterward a weaker solution may be applied when required.

Unless sheep run in an orchard, which is best, some shelter should be provided for them during the extreme heat. In an orchard their droppings will mainly be found under the best apple trees, where they will do more good than anywhere else. If they are salted on tar they will tar their noses, and thus prevent injury from the fly which lays the egg that makes the maggot in the head.

One of the advantages of late planting of potatoes is that something may be done to the crop after harvest. If planted so early that all the hilling up has to be done before harvest, the field is sure to become very weedy, and the crop will be materially decreased. This is more especially true of the large-growing, late varieties, which, even when planted early, will hardly be ready to dig before frost kills the vines.

Lampblack mixed with strong vinegar will mark sheep so that the name can be read for a year, but will not injure the wool, as is often done when sheep are marked with tar or paint. The English practice was to slit or notch the ears, a mark requiring a quick eye to detect in a flock, but which once made lasted a lifetime. By changing the places on the ear, using one or both, and varying the shape of the cut, a great number of marks can be made to identify the property of different owners.

The rapid growth of barley, and the dense shade which its broad leaves make over the ground, is an effectual check on the growth of most weeds. If to be sown with wheat after the barley is off there is an interval of six or more weeks, during which millions of annual weeds may be destroyed on an acre. If the growth of Canada thistles is entirely prevented after the first of August, as it may be where barley stubble is plowed early, this pestilent weed may be made harmless, at least for the following season.

The plan of keeping cows continuously in milk without allowing them to have a calf is practicably, but not to be generally commended. There is not only a decrease in yield in cows so kept, but the milk is less digestible. It is nearly or quite as much labor to milk a farrow cow as one giving a fresh flow of milk. The cow, if well fed, may be milked until six or eight weeks of the time for calving, or even up to it if necessary, but it is better to allow several weeks for the cow to get into condition for producing a large flow of milk when she calves.

Objections have been made to rye as containing ergot, which is injurious, but all grains and grasses are equally unfortunate in that respect. The difficulty is due more to improper management than to any injurious substance contained in the crop. When stock have been deprived of roots or ensilage, and confined to a dry diet, they are liable to eat too much green rye when turned upon it too early. By allowing the stock but a short period upon the rye field in the beginning, and gradually extending the time daily, but little injury will be done, but if the stock receives no care, and the rye field is given up to the animals, the results will be diarrhœa and debility.

### Household Hints and Recipes.

Tomatoes are nice with cream and sugar.

Sugar loses part of its strength by boiling.

Never wash raisins; wipe them with a dry cloth.

Wet and flour well the inside of pudding bags.

Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauce.

For convenience in cleaning lamp chimneys, nothing is nicer than a small sponge attached to the end of a stick.

Professor Cook, of New Jersey, says: "For ridding the house of flies we have found pyrethrum very excellent."

To make corn fritters, grate twelve ears of corn, scraping the ears with a silver knife so that all the milk may be removed. Mix the pulp with three eggs and one teacupful of flour. Fry in hot drippings.

A good addition to fried eggs: When they are taken up from the pan slide them on a hot dish; add a tablespoonful of butter and two of vinegar to the browned butter in the pan, boil it together for two minutes, pour over the eggs and serve.

The elasticity of cane-chair botttoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in the air, after which they will become as tight and firm as new, if none of the canes are broken.

Javelle water, often met with in works and articles on cleaning and dying, is made of one gallon of water and four pounds of ordinary washing soda; boil for five or ten minutes, then add one pound of chloride of lime. Let cool, and keep corked in a stoneware jar or air-tight vessel.

One tablespoonful of ground brown mustard seed, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of luke-warm water, will make a very efficient plaster. Lay this between well-worn muslin and fold the edges, that the linen of the bed or person may not be soiled. A little molasses will prevent blistering.

Porcelain fruit knives are among the novelties. The blades are white and semi-transparent, and the handles are in different colors. These knives are really the revival of an old style. They are beautiful, and possess at least one advantage over silver, inasmuch as they may be kept clean without so much trouble. But it is not advisable to drop them upon the floor.

It may not be generally known, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, that cucumbers prepared in the following manner are more palatable and far more wholesome than if prepared in the ordinary way. Slice the cucumbers thin, sprinkle thickly with salt, let stand at least half an hour, then press and drain thoroughly. Pour over them thick, sour cream, in which you have put a tablespoonful or two of vinegar, according to the quantity of cream used.

### Two Great Running Horses.

Among the hundreds of fine places in Woodford county, Ky., there are none which show up to better advantage than the old Harper home, and there is certainly no spread of horseflesh to be found anywhere upon the face of the earth that will equal what is to be seen there. It is not a large one, but makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity. Here are to be seen the finest representatives of two of the most remarkable sires that have ever figured in turf history—Longfellow, the son of imp. Leamington, and Ten Broeck, the son of imp. Phaeton. Longfellow is a great big horse, standing fully seventeen hands high, with a long, well shaped neck, beautiful head, deep chest, light flank, with an unusual length between the hip and shoulder, and presents, as a whole, a most remarkable combination of bone, sinew and muscle.

As you look at him you cannot but think that the correct name was selected for him. Indeed, I have heard that the great poet once took occasion to thank old John Harper for the compliment he had paid him in naming this horse for him. The old man took the matter quietly (he was not much in literary affairs), and remarked to a friend that he had never heard of the gentleman before, but had named the colt Longfellow because he was a long fellow. Leamington, the sire of Longfellow, was a horse of fair performance upon the English turf, but was not considered a success whilst in the stud there. When introduced in America he proved to be a phenomenal sire, getting a long list of progeny, and sending Parole and Iroquois back to his native land to show his old friends what he could do in the land of liberty, Iroquois capturing the Derby and St. Leger, and Parole taking in several less events. Nearly all his get were winners of more or less celebrity.

I feel the lack of horse education and the consequent poverty of descriptive phraseology as I approach Longfellow's stable companion, the great son of Phaeton. Ten Broeck is a blood bay, sixteen and a half hands high, with a small star in his forehead, and may be taken as a model of perfection in all that a thoroughbred horse should be. He is coupled much shorter than Longfellow, which adds much to the beauty of his symmetry. He is a rare combination of muscular development, with very broad hocks, long, firm set whirlbones, immense chest, broad hips and the most symmetrical set of legs I ever saw under a horse. In standing in his rear the muscles above his hocks, which give the driving power, appear so unusually large they convey the impression of being a deformity. He could be shown anywhere, without telling his name or lineage, and would never fail to attract an audience. As the groom led him from his stall for exhibition to several visitors, he seemed to be conscious of what they had come for, and willing to gratify their curiosity. In disposition he is perfectly kind. A stranger could go into his stall, bridle and lead him forth without the least danger. He is the most remarkable horse of which the world has any record. There have been other horses that have made themselves great names by their performances upon the turf, but they have nearly all done so by some display of special merit. One will develop as a great mile horse, another will show his quality at two, three or four miles. The exceptional time made at the different distances has never been adorned with the name of the same horse more than once. It remained for Ten Broeck to contribute both time and distance, by obliterating all records of either. He made the fastest mile ever run, moved up a peg, and set the standard for two miles, repeated the performance at three miles, and without apparent effort added the crowning triumph to his list of victories—beating the unparalleled time of Lexington at four miles just four seconds.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

London dealers in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of 32,000 hummingbirds, and one of them at one time received 30,000 aquatic birds and 300,000 wings.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

# AROUND GRANT'S GRAVE

## HISTORY'S TRIBUTES TO RIVERSIDE PARK.

### The Memories of Distinguished Men and Prominent Events Which Cluster About the Spot.

The natural beauty of Riverside Park was realized by comparatively few persons before its selection as the resting-place of General Grant. Still fewer persons are aware of the remarkable historical associations of the place. In recent years this strikingly beautiful portion of Manhattan Island has been almost unknown to other than those who live in its immediate vicinity. Now it is suddenly made the Mecca of American pilgrimage, and its partly forgotten history is being recalled little by little. Its history is of extraordinary interest.

Prior to 1866 the whole region above Seventy-second street, where the lower end of the park commences, was chiefly occupied by squatters and country seats. The farms and estates of the Morgans, Harsons, Zibrowskis, Motts, Strykers, Glendennings, Anthorpes, and Hamiltons were the most noted of the latter, and attached to each of these estates were fine old deer parks, gardens and orchards. The rural beauty of the place was then enhanced by no artificial embellishments, but the remarkable development of its natural attractions compensated in a degree for this, and made it not only a place of residence for the wealthy, but a general resort of the blue blooded of the metropolis. As far back as 1777 this portion of Manhattan Island was the Newport of New York.

The estate of DeLancy, which stood at about Eighty-seventh street and Riverside drive, was then one of the finest in the section, but on a cold night in November it was burned to the ground by a party of Americans, who descended the river at midnight and surprised the British guard stationed at Bloomingdale landing. Mrs. DeLancy, it is said, to escape being captured, sheltered herself during the cold night in a dog kennel, with nothing but her night clothes on. The rest of the household fled to a swamp near by, where they concealed themselves until morning, when they escaped to a friend's house. Near Seventy-fifth street stands the country seat of Fernando Wood, where the Prince of Wales was royally entertained when in this country in 1870.

On Eighty-fourth street, east of the Boulevard, is the tumble-down building in which

"Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,"

Edgar Allan Poe is said to have composed the immortal "Raven." On the same street by the Boulevard is the gnarled old trunk of a willow tree which well deserves a place in history. In 1836 this gigantic trunk was a small branch attached to a willow tree that drooped over the solitary grave of Napoleon Bonaparte on the island of St. Helena. The gentleman on whose estate it now stands secured it in that year and brought it to this country as a memento of the great hero of modern Europe. It now waves its branches but a short distance from the tomb of a greater hero.

Further north is the Apthorpe mansion, now known as Elm park, where Washington made his headquarters just previous to his evacuation of the city. Lord Howe and his brother, Sir Henry Clinton, and Lord Cornwallis also used it for the same purpose during the autumn that their armies occupied the city. Near the same building, in Eighty-eighth street, still exists a small square structure built of rough stone which Washington used as a powder house. It is now occupied by a small family and is inclosed by a rude picket fence. On what is now the drive the country seat of Dr. Charlton, a surgeon to the court of George III., stood, and the grand old mansion of Judge Brockholst Livingston, which was built in the early part of the present century. Near by is the old Somerindyke house, where Louis Philippe once lived. In 1793, after a series of unsuccessful battles, this young French king was doomed to exile from his own country for a period of twenty-one years. He first passed into Switzerland, where he remained for several years, and then after stopping in other European countries, he made his way to the United States. While here he made the Somerindyke house his home, and left behind him many interesting memories. He taught school there for a while. He then returned to England, and died in 1850.

Near the Somerindyke house, at about 120th street, is the only other grave beside General Grant's in the park. It is that of a little child whose monument bears this simple inscription: "St. Clare Pollock. Here lies the body of an amiable child, departed this life in 1792." Unlike the dead hero, she is unknown to fame save what this short sentence inscribed on her monument reveals. A short distance from this grave is the site of a mansion in which Prince Talleyrand, the illustrious French statesman, lived for a while. The Claremont itself, which is situated right near the tomb, was occupied at one time by Viscount Courtney, "Copenhagen Jackson," the British minister, and at another time by Joseph Bonaparte, brother to the emperor and ex-king of Spain. He, too, was an exile from his own country and that over which he ruled. He came here to seek that peace which he could not find in Europe, and strangely enough he made the Claremont his abiding place. Thus the building is associated with the interesting memories of three great generals, and other distinguished foreigners, whose romantic histories are indelibly connected with that region.

What is now Riverside park was then a newly cleared wilderness, and the old Bloomingdale road the only substitute for streets and avenues. The hills sloped gently down to the water's edge, with no abrupt declivity facing upon a noisy, dusty railroad between. Grand old forest trees towered high in the background and formed a dense swamp running through the center of the island and encircled within its bosom a marshy, placid lake of water. Through this dense swamp and thinly settled district ranged both large and small game. Hunting formed one of the principal attractions of the place, and the distinguished foreigners while making their brief sojourn here availed themselves of the opportunity to gratify their hereditary love for the chase which William the Conqueror had taught them.

It was not until the year 1866 that the idea of converting the strip of land bordering on the river into a park was first fully conceived, and it was ten years afterward before the idea was carried into effect.—*New York Times.*

### "Kan-tuck-ee."

Through the midst of the famed blue grass region one of the tributary rivers of which we have spoken had cut its channel deep in the rocky bed over which it flowed and left the cliffs towering in perpendicular lines 400 feet above. On either side, amid the undulating pastures of wild clover, blue grass and cane, game most abounded, and here lay the favorite and most frequented hunting grounds of the red men. The Indians called this river, which meandered through the wild Eden of their sports and adventures, by the weird name "Kan-tuck-ee," so expressive of its traditional memories, and from this poetic title the white man borrowed and gave, both to the river and country, the name —Kentucky.—*Smith's History of Kentucky.*

Remember that it is not he who gives abuse or blows who affronts, but the view we take of these things as insulting; when therefore, any one provokes you, be assured that it is your own opinion that provokes you.


### What the Eyes Indicate.

Black eyes are indicative of passionate ardor in love.

Hasty, irritable persons have frequently eyes of a brownish tint, inclined to a greenish hue.

Green eyes, although their praises are often sung in Spanish ballads, show deceit and coquetry.

Very dark blue eyes, with something of the tint of the violet, show great power of affection and purity of mind, but not much intellectuality.

Brown eyes, when not of the yellowish tint, but pure russet brown, show an affectionate disposition; the darker the brown the more ardent and passionate is the power of affection.

The brown eyes which do not appear black are the eyes of sweet, gentle and unselfish natures, without the inconstancy of the light brown or yellow eyes —"golden eyes," as they were called by a lady novelist, and which are very little more to be trusted than the green eyes.

Clear, light blue eyes, with a calm steadfastness in their glance, are indicative of cheerfulness of disposition, of a serene temper and a constant nature. These eyes are peculiar to the Northern nations: one meets them among the Swedes, and also sometimes among the Scotch.

The blue eyes among the rare blondes of the South—that is, in Italy and Spain, have among them eyes in which are some greenish tints: and such eyes, though often called light blue, have none of the qualities of serenity and constancy which belong to the light blue eyes of the North.

Although the purely green eye indicates deceit and coquetry, the propensity to greenish tints in the eyes is a sign of wisdom and courage. Very choleric persons, if they have blue eyes, have also certain tints of green in them, and when under the influence of anger a sudden red light appears in them.

In England — where there are more varieties of tints in eyes than in any other country—the poets have almost always gray eyes. A biographer of Byron speaks of his "beautiful changeful gray eyes." Shakespeare also had, we are told, gray eyes; Coleridge, eyes of a greenish gray. Among the artists, too, eyes of this color abound.

The pleasant light blue eye with the honest glance must not be confounded with another sort of eye of a pale blue, almost steel-colored hue, which has a continually shifting sort of motion, both of the eyelids and the pupils of the eye. People with such eyes as these are to be avoided, as they are indicative of a deceitful and selfish nature.

Gray eyes, of a somewhat greenish gray, with orange as well as blue in them, and which are of ever-varying tints like the sea, are those which denote most intellectuality. They are especially indicative of the impulsive, impressionable temperament—a mixture of the sanguine and the bilious—which produces the poetic and artistic natures.

The distinguished U. S. Senator from Indiana, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees certifies that in a case of rheumatism in the back, he obtained instantaneous relief from St. Jacobs Oil. He says it is a remarkable remedy.

The French have more suspension bridges than any other nation on the globe.

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### THE MARKETS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **NEW YORK.** | | | 34 |
| Beef cattle, good to prime | 8 | @ | 9½ |
| Calves, com'n to prime veals | 4½ | @ | 6¾ |
| Sheep | 3½ | @ | 4½ |
| Lambs | 4½ | @ | 6½ |
| Hogs—Live | 4½ | @ | 5 |
| Dressed, city | 5½ | @ | 6 |
| Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy | 3 85 | @ | 4 60 |
| West, good to choice | 4 00 | @ | 5 40 |
| Wheat—No. 2, Red | 91¼ | @ | 91¾ |
| Rye—State | 71 | @ | 72 |
| Barley—Four-rowed State | | @ | 85 |
| Corn—Ungrad. West, mixed | 54 | @ | 54½ |
| Oats—White State | 40 | @ | 41 |
| Mixed Western | 33 | @ | 34 |
| Hay—Med. to pr. Timothy | 95 | @ | 1 00 |
| Straw—No. 1, Rye | 75 | @ | 80 |
| Lard—City Steam | 6 45 | @ | 6 90 |
| Butter—State Creamery | 21 | @ | 23 |
| Dairy | 12 | @ | 15 |
| West. Im. Creamery | 13 | @ | 16 |
| Factory | 6 | @ | 13 |
| Cheese—State Factory | 5½ | @ | 7½ |
| Skims | 4 | @ | 4½ |
| Western | 4 | @ | 6½ |
| Eggs—State and Penn | 14 | @ | 15 |
| **BUFFALO.** | | | |
| Sheep—Good to Choice | 3 15 | @ | 3 65 |
| Lambs—Western | 4 25 | @ | 5 15 |
| Steers—Western | 5 75 | @ | 5 90 |
| Hogs—Good to Yorks | 4 85 | @ | 5 00 |
| Flour—C'y ground n. process | 5 25 | @ | 6 50 |
| Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth | 1 01¼ | @ | |
| Corn—No. 2, Mixed New | | @ | 40¼ |
| Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western | 40 | @ | |
| Barley—Two-rowed State | — | @ | — |
| **BOSTON.** | | | |
| Beef—Ex. plate and family | 12 00 | @ | 13 00 |
| Hogs—Live | 4½ | @ | 5 |
| Northern Dressed | 5¼ | @ | 5½ |
| Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl | 10 00 | @ | 10 50 |
| Flour—Winter Wheat pat's | 5 50 | @ | 5 75 |
| Corn—High Mixed | 55 | @ | 56¼ |
| Oats—Extra White | 45 | @ | 46 |
| Rye—State | 70 | @ | 73 |
| **WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.** | | | |
| Beef—Extra quality | 6 12½ | @ | 6 50 |
| Sheep—Live weight | 3½ | @ | 4 |
| Lambs | 4¼ | @ | 6¾ |
| Hogs—Northern, d. w | 5 | @ | 5½ |
| **PHILADELPHIA.** | | | |
| Flour—Penn. ex family, good | 4 00 | @ | 4 25 |
| Wheat—No. 2, Red | 90½ | @ | 90¾ |
| Rye—State | | @ | 77 |
| Corn—State Yellow | 52 | @ | 53 |
| Oats—Mixed | 40 | @ | 41 |
| Butter—Creamery Extra Pa | 20 | @ | 22 |
| Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream | 11¾ | @ | 14 |


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**The Epidemic of Crime.**
Whence comes this epidemic of suicides and murders? Recent discussions have named several causes. Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Indiana, charges it to infidel teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depression the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity, a physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while temperance advocates lay the responsibility upon strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have beset many, but the wealthy have also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Well nigh every report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetrator as having "for some time been subject to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognized medical authorities tell us that the fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis. —*Rochester Democrat.*

AMERICANS projected, built and now control the street railroads of Moscow, Russia.

**An Inventor's Advice.**
George Stevenson, when advising young men how to get on, would finish by saying: "Do as I have done—persevere." For fifteen years he plodded and